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RECOGNITION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

THERE is nothing *mal-apropos* in Parliament discussing the subject broached by Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons on Tuesday night, though, it may be, the right time for recognising the Confederate States of America has not yet arrived. Premature action in the matter is little to be apprehended. No one, not even Mr. Roebuck himself, we suppose, expected that the motion introduced by the hon. gentleman would be adopted. When the right moment for action comes, the initiatory steps must, if possible, be taken in such a way as not to be offensive to either of the belligerents, and so as to give to the movement the greatest possible degree of weight and dignity. Such a task is one for the Government of the country to undertake, not for a private member, and, least of all, a member so decidedly and ostentatiously a partisan as Mr. Roebuck. But, while the hon. gentleman is unfitted to take the initiative of active interference on the part of Great Britain in the unfortunate American quarrel, there is nothing out of place in his introducing a discussion on the subject in the House of Commons. A topic that is daily discussed in the press and in all private circles in this country, and upon which men are every day more positively making up their minds, cannot be unsuitable for debate within the walls of Parliament, especially as no impending negotiations can be affected by the free ventilation of the subject. Whatever opinion, therefore, may be entertained as to adopting the course recommended by Mr. Roebuck, every one must feel that the member for Sheffield has done good service in bringing the subject before the notice of Parliament, and so affording the representatives of

the people a legitimate opportunity of expressing their views upon it.

The conviction that the Confederate States must sooner or later be recognised by the rest of the nations of the world is

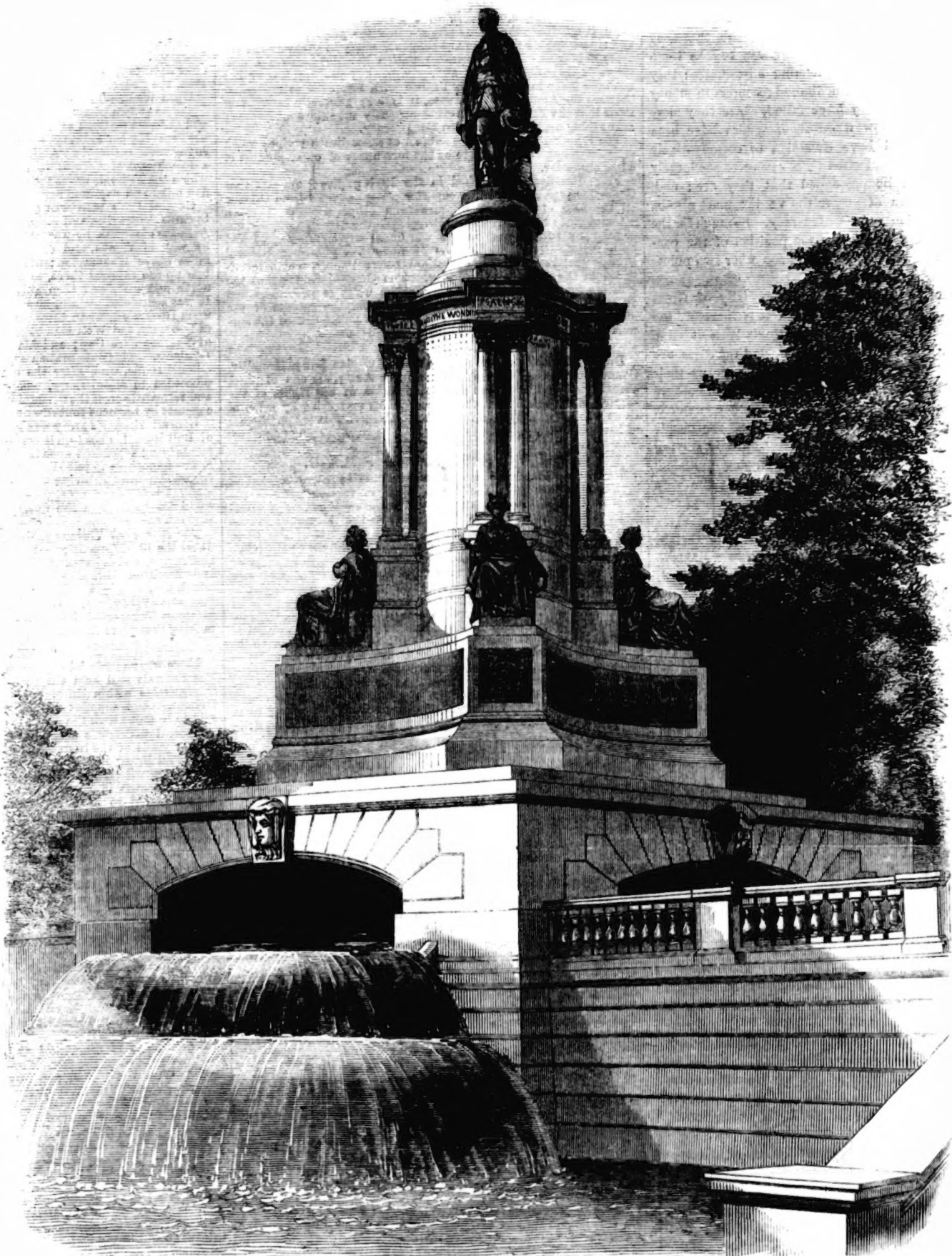
of arms. Mr. Bright, perhaps the warmest as he is the ablest advocate of the North in Parliament, expressed the feeling of those who think with him when he said, in reference to the probable course of events in America, that "he knew what he

hoped for, what he would rejoice in, but would make no prophecy, for he knew not what was likely to happen there." The reception of the Confederate States into the family of nations is probably now a question simply of time and opportunity, and full discussion of the subject will make us all better prepared to act when the time for action comes.

The subject, it appears to us, assumes three aspects—First, as regards the contending States; second, as respects other States, and especially ourselves; and, third, the suitability or otherwise of the time and circumstances under which interference can beneficially be attempted. A few words on each of these points may not be inappropriate at the present juncture.

Regarding the subject from the first of the three points of view indicated above, two questions suggest themselves—namely, had the Confederate States a constitutional right to secede from the Union? and, supposing them to possess that right, have they shown themselves capable of maintaining it? To both these questions the answers, we think, must be in favour of the seceders. The States which now form the Republic over which Mr. Jefferson Davis presides joined the Union, originally, as States; they never surrendered the sovereign rights

pertaining to them in their State capacity; their leading men have always contended for the entirety of those State rights; and they seceded from the other communities forming the Union in their capacity of sovereign States, and by a legally-



MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851 IN THE GARDENS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—(JOSEPH DURHAM, SCULPTOR).

every day becoming stronger, and is but faintly disputed even by the most zealous friends of the North, in this country at least, who have now generally abandoned the hope that the Federals will ever be able to restore the Union by force

taken State vote. These facts, we think, settle the question of right. Then comes that of power. It is now an admitted maxim of public law, that a people able to win and maintain their independence have a right to independence. Upon that principle the late United States were originally constituted, and upon that principle mainly had they a right to their independent existence as a nation. They won their freedom, and they maintained it. Have not the Confederate States shown their ability to do as much? They have formed themselves into a well-organised community, with laws, courts of justice, governors, armies, and even a fleet, which, though small, has hitherto defied the efforts of their antagonists to destroy it. They have, moreover, gallantly repelled repeated invasions of their soil; have once and again hurled back their assailants, baffled and beaten; and have now carried the war into their antagonists' country. What more is to be required of them? It is true that their opponents maintain a footing on certain points of Confederate territory; but that is a condition of things which must needs exist in all such contests. England held positions in America at the very moment when George III. consented to recognise the independence of the colonies in 1783; Holland had troops in Belgium when France and England recognised the independence of the latter country; and Spain was not wholly driven out of Mexico when the United States recognised Mexican independence. It is true, also, that the Confederates have conquered little, if any, Northern soil; but it is not necessary that they should. It is not required of them that, to establish their right to freedom, they should conquer their opponents' territory or capital: it is enough that they defend their own. The Northern States have attacked the South with what appeared to be overwhelming advantages: they had immense armies, and almost unlimited resources in money and material of war; and they have failed. Are they more likely to be successful now when those armies have been beaten and repulsed, and have dwindled to comparatively insignificant proportions, and when those resources are largely exhausted? It cannot be pretended that they are; and, therefore, on the question of power the verdict must also be given in favour of the Southern Confederacy. So much for the aspects of the question as affecting the position of the contending parties; a few words now as to the other two points under consideration.

The wellbeing of all the world, and especially of Great Britain, is involved in this contest; and it is therefore the interest of all the world, but more particularly is it ours, that the unhappy conflict should cease. Both parties are allied to us by blood; both have derived from us their institutions, laws, language, and literature; and with both we have the most intimate relationship of trade and commerce. Neither, therefore, ought to doubt the sincerity of the people of Great Britain when they profess a desire to aid in staying the career of carnage and destruction now going on among our American brethren. But it would seem that these very circumstances induce one, at least, of the belligerents to look with suspicion upon any proposition for peace which emanates from this country; and hence it may be wise to abstain from interference of any kind till our interposition is likely to be received in the spirit in which it would be offered. In interfering in any quarrel it is indispensable that the character of the parties concerned should be carefully considered. The people of the Northern States are a proud, sensitive, and powerful people. They have shown themselves possessed in an eminent degree of tenacity of purpose, willingness to make large sacrifices for the attainment of any object they deem of importance, and are especially impatient of outside meddling in their internal affairs. Are they likely to relish interference in their quarrel? Will intervention, mediation, or any form of interference whatever, be acceptable to them? We fear not. They are yet too high of heart, too powerful, too self-confident, to be disposed to listen to reason. It is a sad necessity—but we are afraid it is a necessity—that the horrid scenes now being enacted in America must be allowed to go on for yet a while longer—that events must, for the present, be permitted to take their course—and that we must wait till circumstances make the people and Government of the Federal States more disposed to give ear to the voice of remonstrance than they at present are, ere we attempt to stanch the feud with their alienated brethren of the South.

And this brings us to our third point—would it be prudent, in the existing state of things, for us or any other Power to interfere in opposition to the will of either or both the contending parties? What character is the proposed interference to assume? Is it to be by advice, remonstrance, or mediation? And in the event of these failing, are we disposed to take an active part in the quarrel, and add another to the elements of discord already in existence? In other words, are we prepared to use force to compel acquiescence in our views? A time may come when even that extreme course might be necessary; but at present we are inclined to deprecate such a proceeding. The damage to our own material interests caused by the continuance of the war is no doubt great; but all merely selfish motives must be put aside. Besides, what advantage would mere recognition confer upon the Confederate States, or upon us? Would it end the war, or procure for us a single bale of cotton? We cannot see that it would do either, unless the North acquiesced in the measure, or was coerced into doing so; and as we do not think the time has yet arrived when the object in view can be attained by either process, the matter had better be left alone. It never becomes the dignity of a great nation to offer advice which it knows will be rejected, to make propositions which it is not prepared

to support, or to demand concessions with which it is not ready to compel acquiescence. We do not believe the people of the North are yet prepared to recognise the independence of the South, though we think the South perfectly entitled to independence; and as we are not disposed to go to war in order to coerce the North, our wisest policy is to wait the course of events, and watch for a more favourable opportunity of making our voice heard. That such a time will come, we feel persuaded. The North must ultimately concede independence to the South. Let us not by premature action do anything to delay that consummation.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

We this week publish an Engraving of the Memorial of the Exhibition of 1851, which was recently inaugurated by the Prince of Wales in the Gardens of the Horticultural Society. The memorial stands at the head of the lake, facing the conservatory, on a stone basement erected to receive it by the Horticultural Society. In our Number for June 20, page 423, we gave a description of this elegant structure; and to that account we refer our readers in illustration of the Engraving we now publish.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The Polish question still continues to occupy public attention in Paris, and all sorts of contradictory statements are current on the subject. Some of the journals assert that negotiations are going on between France and England to meet "the not improbable contingency of the subject passing out of an exclusively diplomatic phase;" and large warlike preparations are said to be making by the Government with the view to a European war. On the other hand, it is averred that these preparations are greatly exaggerated, and that what is being done has reference solely to the wants of the army in Mexico. The American question likewise receives a considerable share of attention; and, whether any proposal has or has not been made to England by France with reference to mediation between the American belligerents, it is very generally believed in Paris that the French Government seriously meditates the speedy acknowledgment of the Southern Confederacy.

The Emperor's letter on the subject of centralisation gives much satisfaction, and is believed to be the forerunner of other reforms of a like character.

From intelligence published in the Paris papers it appears that General Ortega and five other superior officers escaped from Orizaba on the 20th of May. It appears from other accounts that an attempt made by General Forey to pledge the Mexican officers not to take any further part in the war under any circumstances had been indignantly rejected. The *Moniteur* has published General Forey's final report of the operations before Puebla, which terminated in the capture of the city. The General denies that the Mexican forces surrendered because of the want of provisions and ammunition. The defeat of Comonfort and the success of the attacks upon the fortified places alone, he declares, caused the surrender.

AUSTRIA.

During the debate on the address in the Austrian Lower Chamber, Count Rechberg stated that the policy of Austria is one of peace abroad, combined with the due preservation of the rights of the empire—a declaration which is accepted as reassuring by some of those who have lately been indulging in alarms about the imminence of European war.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

THE accounts received from Poland continue to record encounters between the insurgents and the Russians in various parts of the country, the result being sometimes in favour of the one and sometimes of the other. Some of the journals in the interest of Russia affect to believe that the rebellion is dying out; but of this there does not appear to be much evidence, and the military commanders are certainly adopting such severe measures as seem to be dictated more by fear and baffled passion than consciousness of strength. General Mouravieff has issued an order for the establishment of a military and civil administrative tribunal for the purpose of suppressing rebellion in the governments of Wilna, Kowno, Grodno, Minsk, and others over which his authority ranges. A war police council, from whose decision there shall be no appeal, is to be nominated in each of these divisions, and on these councils is imposed, by a series of the most stern and imperative instructions, the task of suppressing every attempt at or indication of an insurrectionary movement. Confiscation of property and trial by court-martial are to be the punishment of every offence. The terrors of military law are threatened especially against all priests who fail in loyal duty.

The most shocking narratives of cruelties ordered by Russian Governors or practised by Russian soldiers in Poland continue to reach us. General Mouravieff's savage edicts are being carried out, if we can believe the accounts, with relentless severity at Wilna. Two young ladies of noble birth—one a sister of Count Leon Plater, himself the other day executed—have been put to death, among the most recent victims whom Mouravieff has doomed. Some of the accounts of Russian barbarities which we receive are such that humanity sickens at them, and one is loth to believe that they can be true.

The Polish National Government have, it is stated, announced that an armistice could only be consented to on three conditions. First, it must extend to the whole of Poland as before 1772—which is no doubt the meaning of the three great Powers; next, a plenipotentiary from Poland must be admitted to the conference; and, finally, a National Diet, composed of delegates from all Polish provinces, must meet under the guarantee of the national army already occupying the provinces. Unless these conditions are agreed to, so runs the report, the Poles will hold out to the last.

The National Government is also said to have prohibited all traffic on the railways connecting Warsaw with St. Petersburg and with Prussia. All the officials, of whatever kind, connected with those lines, are ordered to leave their places immediately.

Archbishop Felinski has been banished to Jaroslaw. Mgr. Krasinski, the Bishop of Wilna, was sent to Dunaburg, and afterwards to Perno.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

INVASION OF THE NORTHERN STATES.

The interest of the war news has suddenly changed from Vicksburg and Port Hudson to the invasion of the North by the Confederates. The accounts received are, however, very confused and contradictory. On Sunday, the 14th ult., non-official information reached New York from Washington that the army of General Lee, numbering nearly 100,000 men, had crossed the Rappahannock in three divisions, and was marching northward towards the Shenandoah Valley. It was added that General Hooker had struck his camp, and was hastening, with his whole army, to intercept General Lee's advance.

Telegraphic despatches from Washington confirmed this news, and stated that the Confederate advance cavalry, under General Stuart, 18,000 or 20,000 strong, had crossed the Potomac at Nolan's Ferry or Ford, and occupied Hagerstown, in Maryland. General Milroy, commanding the Federals at Winchester, Virginia, thought to dispute the progress of General Lee's main body, but, finding himself surrounded, made a bold dash, cut his way through the Confederates, and escaped to Harper's Ferry, with the loss of 2000 men. He abandoned his guns and everything during the retreat, and his

forces became scattered; 1600 of them arrived at Hancock, Maryland, but, hearing that the Confederates were approaching in force, and being demoralised and without officers, they dispersed over the country. The Federal force at Martinsburg also retreated to Harper's Ferry, while General Reynolds was driven from Burryville to Bunker's-hill. On Tuesday, the 16th, the capture of Chambersburg and Greencastle, in Pennsylvania, on the previous evening, was reported from Harrisburg. The Confederates thus menaced the cities of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

The President immediately issued a proclamation calling upon Maryland to furnish 10,000, Pennsylvania 50,000, Ohio, 30,000, and West Virginia 10,000 men to repel the invaders. The men who rally to this call are to serve without bounty for a term not exceeding six months, and will be accredited to the several States on account of the draught that is to be made for three-years' men.

Governor's Curtin and Tod also issued proclamations exhorting the people to respond promptly to the President's call. The Government at the same time called upon Governor Seymour, of New York, to order out 20,000 militia to assist in the exigency. Governor Seymour forthwith summoned the several Major-Generals of the State Militia to consult upon the necessary steps to be taken, and several regiments of militia and volunteers started for the defence of Washington and Pennsylvania.

Later accounts state that the report of the invasion was exaggerated, the only Confederate force in Pennsylvania being 3500 men, under Generals Jenkins and Rhodes, at Chambersburg and Greencastle, and that they retreated from the former upon the afternoon of the 17th ult., it was supposed to Hagerstown. Upon Friday morning, the 19th, they entered McConnellsburg and carried off large quantities of boots, shoes, cattle, and horses. They still occupied Greencastle on the 20th, and troops had been sent from Harrisburg to Chambersburg by rail, and would march from Chambersburg against the Confederates at Greencastle. The Confederates had respected all private property and paid for all goods in Confederate scrip.

Harrisburg and Pittsburg were being strongly fortified, as it was still believed that it might enter into General Lee's plans to attack these places, although it was generally thought that the capture of Washington was the object of General Lee's campaign.

Upon Tuesday, the 16th ult., the Federals at Harper's Ferry were attacked by the Confederates, and compelled to retreat to Maryland Heights, whence they shelled the Confederates, who, after damaging the railroad and canal, retreated towards William's Port, the Federals re-occupying Harper's Ferry.

Upon Wednesday night (the 17th) the Confederates crossed the Potomac at two points, and drove the Federals from Point of Rocks and Catootin station; afterwards capturing a military train running between Harper's Ferry and Baltimore. On the same day an engagement occurred at Aldie, in the Bull Run Mountains, between a detachment of Federal cavalry and Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, in which the Federals drove the Confederates from several positions for five miles and captured seventy prisoners.

General Lee's plan was supposed to be to move his whole army towards Centreville, and launch them either directly on the works at Arlington Heights, by way of Fairfax, or else move to Matildasville, by way of Vienna, and cross the Potomac at Coon's Ford, twelve miles above Washington; then move directly east to Bladensburg, tear up the railroad there, so as to cut off communication with the north and east, and then attack Washington from that direction. It was considered certain, however, that General Lee was advancing upon Hooker's army in three columns, his right, under Hill, by way of Occoquan and Wolf Run Shoals; his centre, under Ewell, by way of Thoroughfare Gap; and his left, under Longstreet, by way of Leesburg. This information was obtained by a reconnaissance of Colonel Duffie, who, after the engagement at Aldie on Wednesday, proceeded to Middlesburg, but was driven out by the Confederates and retreated across the mountains at Hope Gap, reaching the Federal outposts by tortuous routes. Several of his officers are missing.

General Hooker's army was supposed to be in the neighbourhood of Bull Run, his head-quarters being at Fairfax; but, his movements being dependent upon the development of General Lee's plans, it was impossible to tell Hooker's exact position. His forced march from Falmouth to Fairfax was attended with great hardship, all the streams being dried up. The woods were full of stragglers, who could not be kept in the ranks, and numbers fell upon the road through exhaustion.

The *New York Tribune* published a special Washington despatch, dated the 19th, asserting that General Lee had moved in force upon Centreville, and defeated the Federals at that point. Generals Lee and Ewell on Thursday, the 18th, occupied Thoroughfare Gap, which they still held. Longstreet was threatening Leesburg, and Hill was at Dumfries. On Thursday night (the 18th) the Confederates transported their stores across the Potomac to Hagerstown, making that place their head-quarters for raids into Pennsylvania.

GENERAL NEWS.

There was no material change in the state of things at Vicksburg. The Federals still held the Black River Bridge, and there were no Confederates within thirty miles of General Grant's rear. Reinforcements and supplies for General Pemberton in Vicksburg were said to be sent across the Mississippi from De Soto during night.

General Sherman's corps had pushed their approaches to within twenty yards of the bastions at Vicksburg.

General Bragg had been reinforced, and there were indications of his uniting with General Buckner to invade Kentucky.

The Unionists in Eastern Tennessee and Western North Carolina were reported to have organised a powerful force to hold the mountain region against the Confederates.

The *Richmond Inquirer* says that the Federal gun-boats have ascended the Chickahominy to within fifty miles of Richmond, a land force of 15,000 men co-operating. Preparations were being made to repel any attack.

There had been loud calls in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington for the reappointment of General McClellan to the command of the army of the Potomac; and it was believed that, in the event of Hooker meeting with a fresh disaster, the President would yield to the popular demand for McClellan.

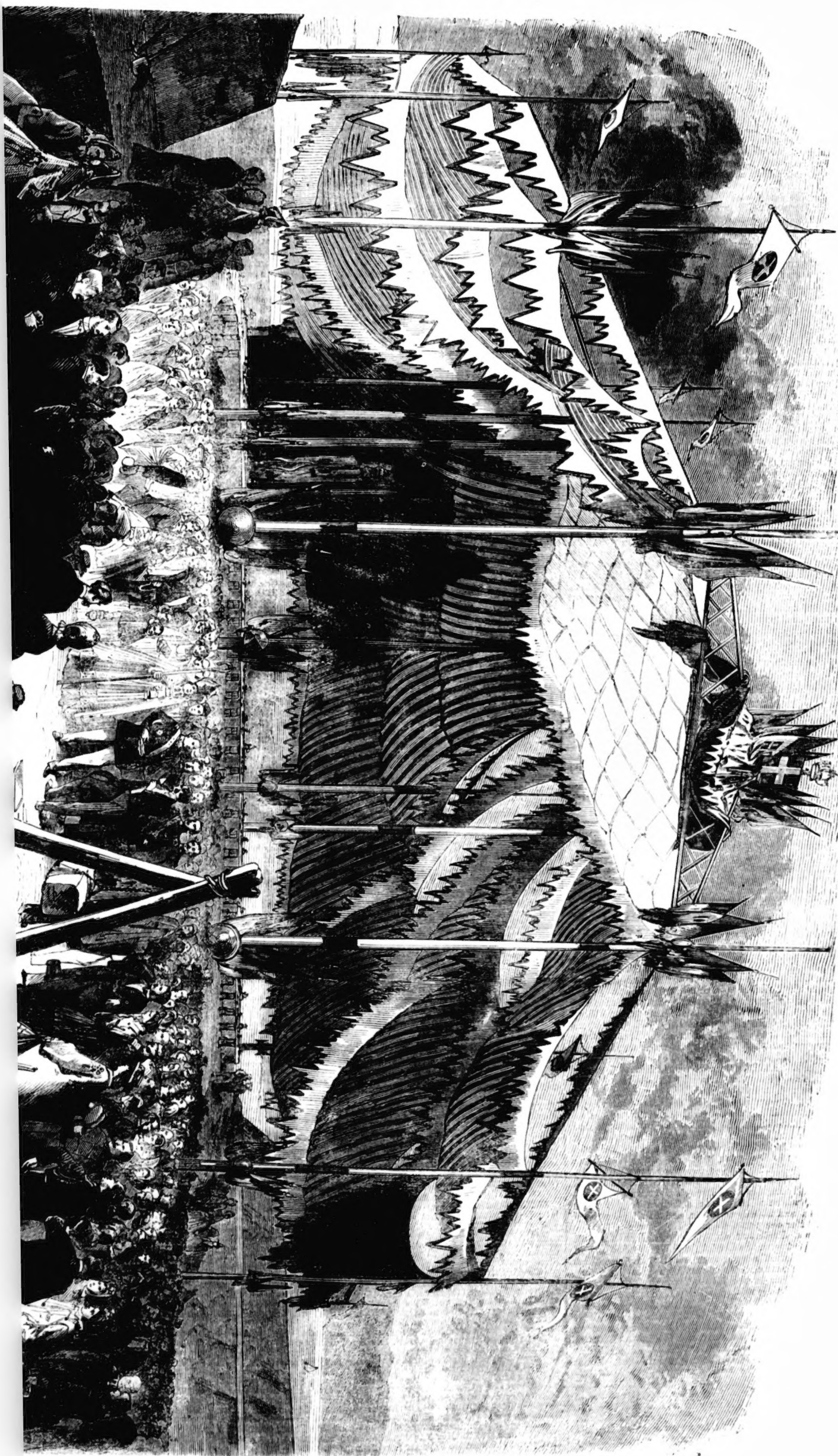
Serious resistance had been offered to the enrolment in Ohio. A collision had occurred between the military and 500 armed insurgents. Another enrolment officer had been shot in Indiana. A public meeting held at Montgomery County, Indiana, had appointed a committee to inform the Enrolment Commissioners that they would enrol at their peril. Measures had been taken to arrest the parties implicated in the meeting.

A democratic meeting, held at Springfield, Illinois, had passed resolutions opposing the war, favouring peace upon the basis of the restoration of the Union, and proposing a national convention to secure the Constitutional State rights.

The New York German Committee had requested Mr. Lincoln to permit Generals Fremont and Sigel to issue a call for volunteers for the defence of Pennsylvania. The President replied that the Governor of New York was sending troops, and declined to interfere with his operations.

President Lincoln had acknowledged to the committee of the Vallandigham meeting, held in Albany on the 16th of May, the receipt of a copy of resolutions adopted on that occasion. In his reply he asserts that Mr. Vallandigham was not arrested for treason, but for labouring to discourage enlistments, to incite to desertion, and to leave the Government without adequate military force to suppress the rebellion, and declares that he would gladly release him if he believed the public safety would not suffer thereby. Mr. Lincoln argues his right to suspend the habeas corpus, and declares that the freedom of speech demanded by the Democratic party was calculated to keep up a corps of spies, informers, and suppliers—aiders and abettors of the Confederate cause in a thousand ways; that the time will come when he will be blamed for having made too few arrests instead of too many; and that it is his duty to employ all measures that may seem to him to be necessary to provide for the public safety.

AN ORATORIO on the subject of the death and resurrection of Lazarus has been discovered among the unpublished compositions of Schubert.



INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 218.

A YORKSHIRE SQUIRE.

MR. BUSFIELD FERRAND is a wonder. He is a man *sui generis*; a unique man. There is not another man in the Queen's dominions like Mr. Ferrand, nor in the "varsal world." None but himself can be his parallel. He is in person some 5 ft. 10 in. high, and is solid, massive, and foursquare, like an antique church tower. In all men, if you scan them closely, you may discover something like some beast or bird. From this fact an eloquent writer has deduced an argument in favour of Darwin's famous theory of development. We have in the House of Commons many gentlemen in whom you may discover this likeness to the lower animals. One especially, who, by the aid of Bennett's pencil, might be easily transmuted into a cassowary. Mr. Ferrand is like the English bulldog in both face and build. His countenance is broad and flat, and his small, peering eyes, indicative of the mind within, seem too small to light up his stolid features. He has, however, the voice of a lion; and, as the voice of the lion seems to shake the forest when he roars, so when Mr. Ferrand gives tongue he seems to shake the house. He is very eloquent, if eloquence means fluency, for he can spout for an hour or more without failure, and never stammer nor hesitate, nor be at a loss for a word for a moment. But the most remarkable characteristic of Mr. Ferrand is his stolid immovable Conservatism. As he was twenty years ago, such he is now. All the world has moved on since then, but Mr. Ferrand has not advanced an inch. Every healthy soul grows, and in time casts off its old opinions, as the youth casts off the garments of his childhood, and the man throws away the habiliments of the youth; but the soul of Mr. Ferrand has never grown; the mental clothing which he wore when he was young he still retains, and, all antique and out of date as they are, he glories in them. In plain words, he has not altered an opinion since he first stepped into the public arena. He holds to all the exploded political fallacies which have been refuted and had the brains knocked out of them a hundred times with the grip of death, and the speeches, *ipissima verba*, which he delivered twenty years ago he repeats, and seems to be astonished that they are not received as they were then. He is an awful bore, is this strange Yorkshire squire; and yet, to those who like to study human nature, as the anthropologist studies ancient bones and flint implements, he is worth studying.

HIS SPEECH.

On Friday, last week, at a morning sitting, Mr. Ferrand came out in all his power. It was on Mr. Villiers's "Public Works Manufacturing Districts Bill" that he held forth, and he spoke—albeit the House was nearly empty—two hours by the clock. No doubt to Mr. Ferrand this was a grand occasion. He evidently had prepared that speech with great care, for he had a long list of notes and voluminous papers, and he descended to the floor of the house, that he might have the table before him for his documents and more room for oratorical action. Possibly Mr. Ferrand thought that he should have a large audience; that when it became known that he was about to speak members would rush down to listen and to cheer, as they were wont to do twenty years ago, when he used to hurl his fierce diatribes against the Leaguers, the manufacturers, and Sir Robert Peel. But, if so, he was woefully mistaken, for very few came down; and no one stopped who did not feel specially interested in the subject. Members looked in at the window or just glided through the door; but when they saw who was up they moved swiftly away. In short, Mr. Ferrand was made to feel that though he has not changed, the world has since he was here last. Villiers was there, of course; but he did not seem to listen. Bright, too, was present for a time, and Cobden; but they indulged in a cosy chat, and, except that now and then they might be startled by the roar of Ferrand's voice, were seemingly quite unconscious of his presence. But the speech—what shall we say to that? Well, we will say but little. To describe it accurately is impossible, for it literally defies description. It was the strangest compound of bald, inconsequential stuff, relevant to nothing which we have ever heard.

A gulf profound as that Lesbian bog
Between Damia and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk.

A strange mass of perverted facts, false reasoning, misplaced declamation, explosive flames of wrath:

Yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible.

Though got up specially for the occasion, the speech seemed to us to be a hash, a compound of old speeches delivered long ago, when the corn laws were deemed the impregnable bulwark of Church and State; when Young England, with white waistcoats and weak heads, started on that desperate mission to restore medievalism; when Disraeli first became famous, Lord John Manners burst forth into song, and Lord George Bentinck used to pour forth his wishy-washy everlasting flood of statistics till daylight peeped through the windows of the house and shamed the night. But enough of the speech. It was a wearisome task to sit it out.

But by good heart and our Lady's grace,
We arrived at last at the landing-place.

We must, however, warn our readers that they will hear little more of Mr. Ferrand. We will make great sacrifices for them; we have often made sacrifices for them; listened to hours of inane talk, missed our dinner times and oft, &c., but we cannot consent to sit out another speech from Mr. Ferrand.

A CONTRAST.

In the evening of the same day we were to have had a count out: everybody said we should. There was a grand Conservative dinner at Willis's Rooms, and the Guards' ball at the Exhibition building. How would it be possible to hold the House against such attractions as these? All the Conservatives will go to the dinner, almost all the House will go to the ball; *ergo*, a count is sure. But we did not get it, though. On the contrary, there never was a chance of a count, for even during the dangerous prandial hour the number of members was never lower than eighty, and only so low for about half an hour. The fact was that we, too, had our attraction, for it was down upon the programme that Mr. Osborne was to speak, and upon the Irish Church, and what might we not expect from such a man on such a subject? And, further, it was seen that the great Bernal was present, fully armed and burning for the fray. And, moreover, it was known that he had been long preparing for the encounter, for twice before he had postponed or shirked his motion because he was not prepared. And so the members stopped, as we have said, not only in sufficient numbers to keep the House, but to give Mr. Bernal Osborne a warm greeting. We had, however, to wait long before the great performer could step on to the stage, for there was a tedious prelude to be gone through. Subject—Jessie M'Lachlan; performers—Mr. Stirling of Keir, the Lord Advocate, and other longwinded, tedious people; notably, Mr. Muir, a Scotch lawyer, whom Lord Advocate in Lord Derby's Government, a tiresome, tedious person, whom nobody ever attempts to put down because of his position, and nobody can hear, and to whom nobody is disposed to listen. For our parts, we must say, however, that on the whole we were not displeased with this prelude. At all events, we were delighted with the Lord Advocate's speech; for, in the first place, Mr. Moncrieff always speaks well; and, secondly, this was one of the most masterly harangues that ever was heard in Parliament; and so thought the House, for many of the Conservative members risked being late at Willis's Rooms to hear this noble speech, and all listened with the profoundest silence, excepting always poor Mr. Osborne. He was on tenterhooks all the while, fidgeted like a chained dog who knows that his dinner-time has come and sniffs the viands in the distance, and fidgeted like bottled stout in hot weather. Time and the House, however, brought him relief at last, and at nine o'clock—Jessie M'Lachlan, whom he had wished hanged a hundred times, having been dismissed—the great performer rose, and the House settled itself down to—laugh! And here we cannot help noticing the difference between the attention given to a Moncrieff and that which is accorded to a Bernal Osborne. Whilst the former was speaking, the House, charmed by Mr. Moncrieff's eloquence, convinced by his forcible reasoning, listened devoutly; but when Mr. Osborne speaks, it only listens that it may

be amused. "An amusing speech!" "Very droll!" "What an impudent fellow it is!" and so on, are the phrases when Mr. Osborne sits down. But as the members left the house after hearing the Lord Advocate's speech, the praise given was of a very different complexion. Then we heard such remarks as these:—"A most admirable speech!" "It was really the finest speech of a strictly argumentative kind that I have heard for many years." And as the learned Lord came out members, Scotch and English, clustered round him to thank him for "his masterly address." Which would you rather be, then, reader, a Moncrieff or an Osborne, an instructor or a jester?

MR. OSBORNE'S SPEECH.

Mr. Osborne spoke for over two hours, and spoke after his own manner. He was rollicky, witty, audacious, and at times impudent, and he had his reward; for the members cheered and laughed so constantly and with such a will that the house was more like a theatre when Buckstone or Sothorn is on the boards than a senatorial chamber; and when he sat down he seemed to think that he had achieved a great triumph, and, as he marched out of the house in that easy, swaggering manner of his, he was evidently as elated as if he had received a crown after the Roman manner. For our own part, however, we are no great admirers of Mr. Osborne's peculiar style of Parliamentary speaking. There is a time to laugh, says the wise man; and there are many places where laughter is the proper order of the day; nor should merriment be excluded entirely from the House of Commons; but so grave a subject as that of the Irish Church should be treated with gravity, and members of Parliament ought to be ambitious for something better than the reputation of a jester. It is, however, right to say that in this speech there were more facts than Mr. Osborne usually favours us with in his harangues, and, if one could be sure that they were all trustworthy, the speech would not be without its effect. But, alas! Mr. Osborne's facts are so often fictions that we can never implicitly trust him; and on this occasion one felt, whilst he was talking so glibly, that many of his statements had a very suspicious air about them—a feeling which was strengthened and afterwards confirmed by the solid and masterly oration delivered by Sir Hugh Cairns. And yet, Sir Hugh's reply notwithstanding, Mr. Osborne had a good case. The Irish Church is an anomaly, a blot upon our national history, a standing reproach to our national character. Pity, then, that it should have fallen to the lot of so loose a reasoner to bring so grave a matter before the House of Commons.

GREEK MEETS GREEK.

On the last night of the debate Mr. Osborne met his match, for Sir Robert Peel answered the member for Liskeard in his own strain. It was rare fun to see the gallant and gay Sir Robert pitted against our primo buffo, and the House enjoyed it amazingly. We have not had such a contest of wits in the house for many a day. Sir Robert is a rough artist; but the picture he drew of Mr. Osborne weeping, pious tears coursing down his theological cheeks, over the Irish Church, was a touch of art which the House will not soon forget. Nor was the other cartoon which followed less effective—that, we mean, in which the artist sketched Mr. Osborne, a desponding Rector, and a bankrupt undertaker lamenting over a cobwebbed font. The effect of this sketch was irresistible; loud and inextinguishable laughter rewarded the skill of the artist; grave Cabinet Ministers could not keep their countenances; the face of the leader of her Majesty's Opposition was fairly lighted up for a time; Mr. Speaker relaxed his grim features; a broad grin passed like a wave over the faces of the sloping bank of spectators in the gallery; and we have been told that even the stenographers of the press could not help suspending their work to join in the hilarity. After Sir Robert had discharged his light artillery of wit, he proceeded to the more serious business of replying to Mr. Osborne's facts, and this, on the whole, he did well; and, if he did not make out a case for the Church, in several instances he certainly felled Mr. Osborne.

A CURIOUS MISTAKE, AND ITS RESULTS.

It was 2.30—the morning began to dawn. We seemed to be fairly in for another hour, when suddenly, by a curious blunder, the debate closed, and the House adjourned—or, rather, the House adjourned and the debate closed. The case was this: As some half dozen members wished to speak when Mr. Moncrieff sat down, Mr. Lanigan rose, meaning to move that the debate be now adjourned; but, in his hurry, the hon. gentleman moved that the House do now adjourn. Sir George Grey said that he could have no objection to that, as an adjournment of the House would get rid of the debate altogether. Whereupon Mr. Lanigan, seeing his blunder, jumped up to withdraw his motion. He was, however, reminded that, having made the motion, it was for the House to say whether it should be withdrawn; and then this occurred—Mr. Speaker: "Is it your pleasure that the motion should be withdrawn?" Shouts of "No!" negatived the proposition; and then promptly Mr. Speaker again: "The question is that the House do now adjourn. They that are for it say Aye;" and shouts of "Aye!" rang through the house. "They that are against it say No." Faint cries of "No!" were the response. "The Ayes have it;" and in a moment the Speaker was out of the chair, and the members, to the number of 300 at least, were on the wing, laughing, and cheering, and frolicking, like boys bursting out of school. The effect of this adjournment of the House is this—the debate has come to a premature end; it is "a dropped order"—that is to say, it has dropped out of its place. It can be put upon the paper again, but then it must be put at the bottom, and, at this season of the year, that means extinction.

The American debate is too important for the far end of a paper. We must postpone our notice of that to next week.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

SPAIN AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Lord BROUGHAM asked Earl Russell whether he intended to communicate to the Spanish Government the report of Commodore Wilnot in reference to the slave trade. The noble and learned Lord expressed his sorrow to perceive that that Government had not yet abolished the slave trade, notwithstanding that they had received £500,000 compensation for doing so, nevertheless 23,000 slaves were imported annually into Cuba.

Earl RUSSELL said he had no objection to forward the report referred to. The Spanish Government, however, were doing something to suppress the slave trade, although he admitted that they were not as active as they might be.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE M'LACHLAN CASE.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. STIRLING drew attention to the papers in the M'Lachlan case, for the purpose of showing that the criminal law in Scotland required serious consideration. This led to an animated debate, in which several Scotch members took part.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

Mr. OSBORNE moved for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the present Ecclesiastical Settlement of Ireland. After taunting the Whigs with having deserted their once favourite theme of agitation, Mr. Osborne proceeded to cite the opinions of Lord Carlisle (when Lord Morpeth), Lord Palmerston, and Sir G. Grey on the subject of the Irish Church, and, declaring he had no desire to uproot that establishment or to confiscate its funds, the question was, he said, whether, looking to the interests of the Christian religion and of Protestantism, and to the mischievous tendency of the Establishment, the House was not bound to consider how to reform an institution founded in violence, and which was at once a blunder and a fraud. The hon. gentleman then entered into details as to the number of Protestants in Ireland in reference to the clerical staff maintained for their instruction, the state of the bishoprics, the management of the Church property by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and other topics connected with the subject under consideration. As a remedy for existing abuses he prescribed an extension of the provisions of Lord Stanley's Irish Church Temporalities Bill, a reduction of the number and incomes of the Irish Bishops, cutting down the number from twelve to six, and their incomes at least one half. He also proposed a reduction of the number of the parochial clergy, many of whom were non-resident, and the transfer of large incomes where there were small congregations to parishes where the congregations were large and the incomes small. He contended that the parochial system in Ireland was nearly nominal, and that the congregational system should be substituted for the territorial. Mr. Osborne wound up a highly entertaining speech, which kept the House in almost constant merriment, with a whimsical parallel between the Pope and Lord Palmerston.

Mr. Cardwell, the O'Donoghue, and Mr. Newdegate afterwards addressed the House, and the debate was adjourned.

MONDAY, JUNE 23.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

NEW ZEALAND.

Lord LYTTLETON, in presenting a petition from New Zealand, alluded to the general question of our colonial defences. He contended that the New Zealand settlers ought to have had more support from the mother country than they had received.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE, while promising to the petition full consideration, said that the petitioners had themselves very much to blame for the evils they had sustained at the hands of the natives.

After some further discussion the matter dropped.

POLAND.

In accordance with a request from Earl RUSSELL, who said that a discussion on Poland at present would be injurious to the public interest, the Marquis of CLANRICARDE postponed a motion of which he had given notice for the production of some papers relating to that country.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE DISTRESSED DISTRICTS.

On the report of the bill for lending money to the distressed districts to carry out public works there was a short discussion. The bill was, however, ordered for a third reading.

AMERICAN PRIZE COURTS.

On the report of Supply being brought up an interesting discussion took place in reference to recent decisions in the American Prize Courts.

Mr. PEACOCKE said that, in the cases of the Dolphin and the Pearl, a new principle had been introduced into international law, and he complained that the Government had not made any representations to the Government of the United States on the subject.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL replied that no new principle had been introduced by the recent decisions. Those decisions were in accordance with the dictum of Lord Stowell, and we ourselves had acted upon the same principle. He paid a high compliment to the ability of the Judges of the American Prize Courts.

Lord R. CECIL continued the debate very much in Mr. Peacocke's tone, but with more bitterness, and Mr. Cobden replied to him in a convincing speech.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD made some observations, and then the matter dropped.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

After a brief discussion on our diplomatic establishments, the adjourned debate on the Irish Church was resumed, and, after occupying a considerable time, was terminated by the adjournment of the House without any vote being come to on Mr. Osborne's motion.

TUESDAY, JUNE 30.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

INTERVENTION IN AMERICA.

Earl RUSSELL, in reply to Lord Stratheden, said the French Ambassador had that evening called upon him and informed him that there was no truth in the rumour that the French Government intended to make any communication to her Majesty's Government in reference to mediation between the Northern and Southern States of America.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

The Earl of DERBY drew attention to the cession of the Ionian Islands. In doing so he designated that cession as impolitic, and expressed strong doubts as to whether it was desired by the bulk of the Ionian Islanders.

Earl RUSSELL defended the policy of the Government.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

RECOGNITION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Mr. ROEBUCK brought forward his motion for an address to the Queen praying her Majesty to enter into negotiations with the great Powers of Europe for the purpose of obtaining their co-operation for the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States of North America. The hon. gentleman, at the conclusion of a very able speech, said it had lately been rumoured that the French Emperor had altered his opinions with regard to the propriety of recognition; but he (Mr. Roebuck) was enabled to assert upon his veracity that the Emperor had given instructions to Baron Gros to deny the truth of that statement; and not only had he done that, but he added that his feeling was still stronger in favour of recognising the South than heretofore, and that he had requested Baron Gros to communicate to the British Government his wishes on the subject, and ask them again whether they were now willing to join him in that recognition.

Mr. LINDSAY seconded the motion.

Lord ROBERT MONTAGU moved an amendment in favour of neutrality, and argued that the time for recognition had not come.

Mr. CLIFFORD followed in the same strain.

THE CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed Mr. Roebuck's motion. While he regarded the war as a hopeless character, he altogether condemned the proposal to recognise the Southern States at this time.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER pointed out the necessity of maintaining a strict neutrality.

Mr. BRIGHT condemned Mr. Roebuck and his proceedings, and expressed the hope that the Federals would ultimately succeed in overcoming the South, though he would not venture a prophecy on the subject.

The debate was ultimately adjourned to Thursday.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Ewart moved the second reading of a bill for the compulsory application of the metrical system to our weights and measures.

Mr. Henley and Mr. Hubbard opposed the bill, on the ground that the inconveniences of such a measure would outweigh its advantages.

Mr. Cobden felt humiliated at the inferiority of our system of weights and measures to that of the French, and strongly supported the bill.

Mr. Adderley, Sir M. Farquhar, Mr. M. Gibson, and others, recommended that the bill should in the first instance be permissive only, and Mr. Ewart expressed his willingness to adopt the suggestion. On that understanding the second reading of the bill was carried by a majority of 110 to 75.

Mr. Villiers obtained leave to bring in a bill to extend for a further period the provisions of the Union Relief Aid Act.

Mr. Stansfeld obtained leave to bring in a bill to enable provision to be made out of the funds of Greenwich Hospital for the widows of seamen slain, killed, or drowned in the sea service of the Crown.

THURSDAY, JULY 2.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

BRITISH COLUMBIA BOUNDARIES BILL.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE, in moving the second reading of this bill, combated an opinion held by some that Vancouver Island never had been and never would be in a prosperous condition. It was true that some depression had existed in the country in consequence of some obstructing influences that had existed, but since their removal the colony had prospered most rapidly. The exports of the year 1862 had doubled those of the year 1861, and the increase of the imports were still more extraordinary; for, while they amounted to £375,000 in 1861, they had increased to £555,000 in the year 1862, an advance of £180,000. The revenue already amounted to £100,000 a year, and there was every reason to believe the future of the colony would be still more progressive. The expense of making the new road throughout that country would open up communication to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. The expense of making these roads would be paid off in five years. The great benefit that would result from this work was obvious.

After a long discussion the bill was read a second time.

The following bills were read a third time and passed—viz., Officers of the Royal Naval Reserve, Sale of Mill Sites, &c. (Ireland), Volunteers and Regimental Debts, &c., Bills.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

POLAND.

Mr. HORSMAN gave notice that, unless anticipated by the hon. member for King's County, he should on Monday move that, in the opinion of this House, the arrangement made with regard to Poland by the Treaty of Vienna had failed to secure good government or the peace of Europe, and that any attempt to enforce the treaty would be calamitous to Poland, and a cause of embarrassment to Europe.

In reply to the hon. gentleman, Mr. LAYARD said that the English note left London on the 17th of June. The Vienna note left Vienna on the 18th of June. The three notes arrived together on the evening of the 21st. On the 27th the three representatives waited upon Prince Gortschakoff and delivered the despatches. Prince Gortschakoff received those despatches, and said he would refer them to the Emperor for an answer, which the Government had not yet received.

AMERICA.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER asked Mr. Layard whether he could inform the House if it was true that application was made some months ago that France should join England in mediation between the Federal and Confederate States of America?

Mr. LAYARD denied the statements made by Mr. Roebuck on a former evening, and said that no communication had been made by Lord Lyons to Mr. Seward on the subject.

SUPPLY.—THE EXHIBITION BUILDING.

The House went into Committee, and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER moved a vote of £105,000 for the purpose of the Exhibition building and certain objects for which it is intended.

Lord ELCHO moved the rejection of the vote, and urged that it would be impossible to adapt the building to the purposes intended.

After considerable discussion the Committee divided, when the vote was rejected by a majority of 287 against 121.

The greatest excitement prevailed in the house during the latter part of the discussion.

is likely to be taken as the model of what such entertainments should be.

ARRIVAL OF THE COMPANY.

Nine o'clock was the hour fixed for the admission of visitors, and before that time there was a long array of carriages waiting, while there were still some finishing touches to be put to what was to be done inside. But, punctual to the minute, the officers of the brigade were at their posts, and as nine struck the doors were opened and the visitors began to arrive—at first fitfully and in little groups, but soon in a broad rich stream that covered the stairs. Occasionally the Guard that lined the staircase "stood to present," as a guest of Royal rank ascended, causing quite a flutter of expectation among the visitors above; but these visitors were so numerous that the false alarms ceased to excite much attention till his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge came, who was of course welcomed with profound respect and sincerity. Then came the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale, then the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, then the Count de Paris, the Duc de Nemour, the Duc and Duchess de Chartres, the Prince and Princess de Joinville, the Duc de Montpensier, the Duc Philippe de Wurtemberg, Count and Countess Gleichen, his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange, Baron de Pallandt, his Royal Highness Dhuleep Singh, his Serene Highness the Prince of Reuss, and Prince and Princess Bandini.

THE RECEPTION-ROOMS AND STAIRCASE.

Within the entrance under the Cromwell-road the wide platform which formerly gave access to the Processes Court of the Exhibition was inclosed in a kind of draped pavilion, red and white, and brilliantly lighted. Here, on the left, was a sort of boudoir cloak-room for the use of all Royal visitors, except the Prince and Princess of Wales, who had a special apartment to themselves, a wonderful fairy-looking sort of gossamer structure, with walls of satin and roof of lace, in the gallery above. The wide flight of stairs by which the central entrance to the picture-galleries used to be gained was draped with the traditional red, white, and blue, the colours of the brigade, with here and there central shields bearing the names of the most famous struggles of the Guards, from Steenkerke to Inkerman, the chronology of which events was, as it appeared to us, in some instances capable of more accurate adjustment, if anyone ever minded chronology at a ball. Men in armour, with groups of banners and lofty mirrors, with here and there fine statues and clusters of plants, made up the rest of the adornments at the entrance, which looked imposing and stately enough. Its best and most characteristic ornament, however, consisted of the tall, martial-looking forms of the Guardsmen themselves, the very elite of the rank and file of the brigade—men who had survived not only the pestilential atmosphere of Varna, but the still more desperate ordeals of Alma, Inkerman, and Sebastopol; men many of whom bore on their breasts not only the medal and clasps, but the medal for good conduct and the medal for distinguished conduct in the field. The presence of these men was one of the most striking, as it certainly was one of the most pleasant, features in the very beautiful scene.

THE BALLROOM AND THE BALL.

The ballroom was what a ballroom should be on these occasions—light in colour, simple in tone of decoration, large, lofty, and well lit. The length of the room from end to end was 200 ft., with a width of 40 ft., thus giving a floor space one third larger than the Guildhall for a smaller number of guests. Its decorations were simple, but very effective. Round the whole length and breadth, close to the walls, was a raised platform, on which were ranged the comfortable, well-stuffed couches that served to fill these same picture-galleries in the Exhibition time. The background to these, to the height of about 8 ft., was scarlet cloth; the walls were of light maize colour, and the bare-looking skylights above were hidden by screens of white cloth. On the south side of the gallery, in the centre, Mr. Craoe's beautiful throne of crimson velvet and gold was erected for the guests of the evening, who had their chairs of State for form's sake placed under its gorgeous canopy—or they were but seldom used throughout the night. Facing this, so as to correspond with the throne on the opposite side, were grouped the silken flags of the brigade—the very colours which led the long red lines of Guardsmen up the heights of Alma—the very colours round which the men rallied so desperately in the two-gun battery on the heights of Inkerman. These and the throne formed almost the only conspicuous ornaments in the ballroom, the chief decoration of which was supplied by the visitors themselves, and it is needless to say how well such an assembly performed their duty. The room actually twinkled with jewels, and the beautiful toilets of the ladies formed a blaze of colour as bright and varying as the hues in a kaleidoscope.

Precisely at half-past ten the guests of the evening arrived, their approach being literally heralded from afar by the prolonged shouts of the crowd outside.

On alighting, their Royal Highnesses were received by the Committee, with the Duke of Cambridge at their head. The Duke conducted the Princess of Wales, the Prince giving his arm to the Duchess of Cambridge, while the Princess Mary was escorted by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. After a brief pause at the Princess's boudoir, the Royal party proceeded to the dais beneath the throne, and dancing almost immediately commenced. The ball was opened by a quadrille of sixteen couples, the Duke of Cambridge, as first amongst the gallant entertainers, leading forth the Princess of Wales, while the Prince danced with the Princess Mary.

THE SUPPER AND SUPPER-ROOM.

Dance after dance followed, until, at a little before one o'clock, the band played the National Anthem, the heavy curtains at the head of the room were drawn aside, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess and Princess Mary of Cambridge, followed by the most illustrious and distinguished guests, passed down the ballroom to the apartment where the supper was laid out with more than regal splendour. The room had been decorated entirely with military trophies. Four great stars, formed entirely of weapons, occupied each side of the room, each star requiring the martial equipments of almost an entire regiment to complete it. Some were of immense weight, all were of great size and beauty, and those towards the centre of the room were enrobed with wreaths formed of sabre-blades, which had a most beautiful effect. Between these trophies, which glittered from a thousand different points, were noble groups of flags with men in armour at the bases, while at the head of the room was one of the finest ornamental military trophies we have ever seen. It consisted of a group of figures in full suits of tilting armour, with vizor down and lance in hand. The centre knights supported shields bearing the Prince's plume and motto and the cross of the Dannebrog. Behind them were grouped a superb collection of ancient weapons—a perfect thicket of bristling points and blades, battleaxes, brown bills, two-handed swords, halberds, partisans, with helmets, gauntlets, shields, greaves, and breastplates, mixed up with spears and wall pieces that had done duty from the Wars of the Roses to the time of the Ironsides of Cromwell. Behind all was a star composed of nearly a thousand ramrods, its centre formed of a small glass device representing the crosses of Saints George and Andrew, with the badge of the brigade with its motto, "Tris juncta in uno." This magnificent trophy was raised about 10 ft. from the floor, and its base of scarlet cloth was enriched with a magnificent collection of gold plate lent by the Dukes of Cambridge, Wellington, and Buccleuch, the Marquises of Exeter, Salisbury, and Londonderry, the Earl of Derby, and, indeed, most of the chief nobility famous for the rarity and value of their collections of plate. The centre piece of the buffet was the celebrated Flaxman Waterloo shield, the largest, and probably the finest, work of art in gold in Europe—the first time that it had ever been lent by the Duke of Wellington. On the table itself was a perfect monument in silver, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, while on every side were massive piles of silver-gilt cups, salvers, and candelabra.

After spending but a very brief period at supper the Royal party returned to the ballroom, and dancing was resumed with great spirit, the Prince standing up in nearly every set, and the Princess also frequently occupying a place on the floor. It was nearly three o'clock when their Royal Highnesses retired; but the festivities

were kept up long after that time—indeed, until at least six o'clock, the gas having been extinguished, and the dancing continued by the light of a bright and dazzling summer-morning sun.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE MAGAZINES.

The new number of *Temple Bar* has certainly variety to recommend it. There are two *pieces de resistance* in the serials—"John Marchmont's Legacy" and the "Trials of the Tredgolds." The former has improved very much; it hung fire at first, and the story lacked progress, which it is now gaining; while the latter has always been good. Mr. Dutton Cook showed a vein of humour with which one has hitherto not accredited him. Jimmy Stap, and the old gentleman resident in the kitchen, who recognises people by their legs as they pass by the area rails, are original and humorous creations. Mr. Sala's "Breakfast in Bed," commencing with pleasant, though disjointed, gossip anent his recent run to Venice, finally settles down into an account of his visit to the Britannia and its ghost, told with real rollicking fun. There is also a paper which is decidedly comic, in the best sense of the word, called "French at a Glance," descriptive of the experiences of a young Englishman, utterly ignorant of the French language, on a recent visit to Paris. Most of these experiences are evidently real, and in the writer's style there is an assumption of bumpiness which is by no means the less amusing from its evidently possessing some real foundation. "The First of the Constantines" is a personal reminiscence of a detention in Warsaw several years back, told with much graphic ability; and an article on "Bohemia" has all the twang of vagabondage, without the additional smack of stale pipes and grog-tumbler dress with which, a few years since, it was thought necessary to garnish such papers. Mr. Buchanan contributes a thoughtful, melodious poem, "A Lost Love," though a little repetition of the "Past, with her shadowy garments about her," might have been spared; and there is a well-timed and sensible article on "Working Men's Clubs."

There is nothing very particular in the *Cornhill*. The "padding" articles on "Stage Adaptations of Shakespeare," "Commonplaces on England," and specially "Professional Etiquette," are very well done. Mr. G. H. Lewes sends a very clever paper, "Was Nero a Monster?" "Imitated from the Troubadour Sordel," by Miss Greenwell, seems to prove that the troubadour Sordel is unworthy of imitation. How full of interest are Mr. Millais' wood drawings! One this month, in illustration of Mr. Trollope's story, represents three men after dinner, and bears the legend, "Won't you take some more wine?" What depth of fancy! what richness of imagination!

In the *Victoria Magazine* Miss Frances Power Cobbe contributes a paper called "The Humour of Various Nations," which is, in fact, a *rechauffe* of well-known English, Scotch, Irish, and French jokes, with connecting bits of thought by Miss Cobbe. On this article the best criticism is the reproduction of the Yankee's verdict on a larger subject, "There's Nothing New, and There's Nothing True, and it don't Signify." In this Number Mr. Hare, secretary to the Charity Commissioners, writes an article called "Charitable Uses and the Public Revenue," in which he discusses the proposed taxation of charities; and Mr. Tom Taylor concludes his very interesting article on "The Great Actors of 1775." His final words are worth quoting:—

This law of alternate and antagonistic influences seems one of almost as wide and certain operation in the arts as in politics and manners. Between the decisive phases of either manner lie periods of transition and comparative deadness. In one of these our stage seems now to be lying, like a ship becalmed in the trough of the sea. We must be on our guard against confounding the temporary immobility of the vessel with permanent loss of moving power. That must be supplied by wind and sea or steam; from without or from within; by the influences of society and manners, or by the impulses of genius. Let us hope the ship will one day answer to such stirrings, from whichever of these two sources they may take their rise.

Having recovered from its recent honest outburst against the scurrilous *Record*, *Good Words* has subsided into its normal gentle dulness and heavy amusement. Forty-Scottish-parson power furnishes the leverage, and English men and women, duly certified as to the absence of fancy and the possession of weighted fact, make up the motive-power of the machine. "Agreeable rattle"—ism is always dull, but fancy a Scotch divine writing in a light style! Try the Rev. Donald Macleod's "Ride Round Sicily," and try henceforth to read nothing lighter than *Buckle* or *De Tocqueville*. A. K. H. B., who gives his best leaves to *Fraser*, apparently keeps a store of "records" for *Good Words*. One of these he gives this month—an essay on "Remembrance"—pleasant, agreeable reading, but wanting in that fine flour and crisp crust which characterises his more costly loaves. Miss Sarah Tytler tells us "What Hester Durham Lived For"—which was, apparently, to be killed by the Indian mutineers. Miss Isa Craig poetises not ungracefully on the death of Stonewall Jackson. Mr. Ludlow gives a firm, heavy, unreadable paper on "Sisterhoods," and "A Novelist" expresses his opinion that novels with bigamistic heroines are a blot on the reign of "good Queen Victoria, our true woman and wife." Verily, there be readers and readers, some with strong stomachs, some with weak, and for the latter this intellectual pap—gruel and strababout—is, I suppose, vended.

I don't know whether the editor of the *Sixpenny Magazine* will think I am paying him a compliment when I say that his periodical is far more instructive than entertaining, but such is really the case. I don't care much for "The Smuggler Chief," by Gustave Aimard; but I am bound to confess that the writer of "Lady Lorne" (Who is he or she?), though with a strong reminiscence of Lady Audley about him, seems to know his ground, and to promise very well. But "The Fortunes of the Artevelde," the "Trip to Denmark," and the article on "Mummies," are the real solid padding, and any one of them is worth the price of the entire magazine.

UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS FOR 1867.—The *Moniteur* of Wednesday contains a decree signed by the Emperor Napoleon, announcing that a universal exhibition of agricultural and industrial products is to take place in Paris from the 1st of May, 1867, to the 30th of the following September.

SPECIAL SERVICES, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—The following will be the preachers at the special Sunday evening services in Westminster Abbey in July:—July 5, the Bishop of Lincoln; 12, Archdeacon Denison. With the service of July 12 the special services will close for the present year.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND CENTRALISATION.—The Emperor of the French has addressed the following letter to M. Rouher, the new Minister of State, on the subject of centralisation:—

"Fontainebleau, June 24.
"Our system of centralisation, notwithstanding its advantages, has had the serious inconvenience of causing an excess of regulations. We have already endeavoured, as you are aware, to remedy this inconvenience, but there still remains much to be done. Formerly the incessant control by the Administration of a great number of affairs had, perhaps, some reason, but now this supervision is only an obstruction. In fact, how is it possible to understand that certain mere communal matters of secondary importance, to which no objection can be raised, should require an investigation extending over at least two years, caused by the necessity of reference to eleven different authorities? In certain cases industrial enterprises are equally delayed. The more I reflect on this state of affairs, the more I am convinced of the urgency of reform. But in those cases in which the public good and private interests come in contact with each other on so many points, the difficulty is to give each its due weight—securing to the former all the protection, to the latter all the freedom, desirable. This task will necessitate the revision of a great number of laws, decrees, orders, and official instructions, and the first step must be a careful examination of all the details of our administrative system, with the purpose of retrenching those which are superfluous. The several sections of the Council of State appear to me most fitted to conduct this examination, for if they do not act administratively themselves they see the action of all departments of the Administration. They are the best witnesses that can be referred to. I beg you, then, to charge the sections of the Council with this work, of which I conceive the plan should be this: in every section the reporter should draw up a table of all the forms, the delays, the different authorities, and the various kinds of control to which every question is subjected. In a certain number of special tables the form and average duration of each case may be stated, omitting any exceptional circumstances. The section will then state its opinion on the changes or suppressions it may deem necessary. On any matters not submitted to the Council of State the heads of departments will furnish documents of a similar kind that may serve as the basis of a general examination by each Ministry. As I attach great importance to this, I count on the enlightened zeal of the Council of State to obtain a speedy and satisfactory solution.—NAPOLEON."

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

(Continued from page 396.)

CHAPTER XV.

Now the courtship between the Hon John Jarnwith and Lady Julia Trebuchet, highly interesting as it may have been to John and Julia themselves, does not concern this history directly enough to be narrated in it at length. Indirectly this love affair does concern the narrative materially, and therefore, as briefly as possible, its main incidents and vicissitudes must be disposed of.

It began, as we have seen, by a mutual curiosity; mutual liking and admiration followed. Opportunities of meeting in the country were rare enough to intensify the desire for one another's society; and when Parliament and the fashionable world assembled the unlimited facilities of town were duly appreciated.

A certain amount of discouragement from relatives on his side acted as a gentle stimulant. Lady Wolverstone, too, had a strong objection to younger sons; though, to be sure, Jarnwith, as younger sons went, was not a despicable speculation. He was his father's favourite son, and it was more than probable he would be well provided for out of the unentailed property. He was already in Parliament (for the Musselshire boroughs, where Lord Crowbarrock's mineral property commanded the enlightened support of the free and independent electoral majority), and was considered a young man of mark and likelihood both in the political and social hemispheres. His maiden speech had shown considerable promise; he was not too great a man to waltz admirably; and for so young a performer he showed a premature talent in the sublime science of "dining out."

On the whole, his homage and devotion, within due bounds, was worth attention as an ornamental panache in her granddaughter's coiffure. But the due bounds were understood to imply that he should not receive more than sufficient encouragement to keep him conveniently in suspense until the precise figure of Julia's value in the London matrimonial market could be experimentally tested.

It is the custom of the high-minded historians who point the morals of fashionable romance to be very severe on matronly manoeuvres by which the hearts of interesting young ladies are represented as being worn down to a worldly level, and all the tender herbage and wild flowering growth of indigenous sentiment trampled in callous, mercenary, businesslike match-making.

But the whole system of the world's mechanism is founded on a combination of force and friction, energy and impediment, perseverance and obstruction. If you want to give a sharp filip with your finger you must first restrain it with your thumb till sufficient strength has time to be brought to bear.

Every young lady and gentleman living would be a hero or a heroine but for circumstances; and, if circumstances were smoothed away, heroism would become too cheap and easy to be worth mentioning. The average amount of opposition from prudent elders is an exceedingly valuable check on the superabundant supply of pseudo romance, which, if not kept down by reasonable pressure on the square inch, would effervesce at a low temperature and flood the world with a deluge of tepid froth.

When there is exceptionally strong feeling, high courage, firm conviction, and strenuous persistence in love, why then love, in the end, laughs at chaperons as much as at locksmiths. Then the "little hoard of maxims" fails to "preach down a daughter's heart."

The great engine of successful repression is, after all, the appeal from a romantic young creature's immediate impulses to her deliberate ambition.

"Do not be in too great a hurry, my darling child! Remember this is your first season, and you are scarcely known. You have not had time to produce your effect. The young man is desperately in love with you, and it shows his taste. I hope and trust a great many more will follow his example. None of them will be much the worse. It happens to all young men as regularly as teething to infants. In a few months you will see him sighing for somebody else, and you will laugh at your elf for ever entertaining a serious thought of him. Why, my darling innocent, you totally underrate your pretensions. You can do a great deal better than that, bless you! It was only the other day he was desperately in love with Fanny So-and-So, and even she would have nothing to say to him. Are you not better than ever so many Fanny So-and-Sos? Do not be in too great a hurry to throw yourself away. See what sort of admirers two or three seasons bring forth; and, say at the end of your third (if nothing extraordinary happens in the meantime), we will manage to be invited to the same country house with the best of them, or meet him at a watering-place, or sail up the Nile after him, and secure him, like an ostrich, with his head in the sand of the African desert."

And if the charming creature's heart is not irrevocably gone, she listens to the voice of reason, and refuses to waltz twice running with her adorer, and goes down to supper with a better part.

Then the heart-broken Greenwood or twice heart-broken Yellowleaf, or the thrice heart-broken Brownrigg, as the case may be, makes the old lament about the perversion of fresh young hearts by the sordid wisdom of selfish age.

But the fault lies, in nine cases out of ten, either with Messrs. Brownrigg, Yellowleaf, and Greenwood, who failed to make a strong enough impression, or, in the original plasticity and subsequent tenacity of the fresh young heart itself to receive and retain a strong enough impression.

It may well be doubted by such readers as bear in mind the tenor of Lady Julia's antecedents whether she had a very fresh young heart to be vitiated by her grandmother's worldly wisdom. She was what is vulgarly termed "wide awake" already, and was capable of appreciating the common-sense views of mature experience at their full value.

Not that she was of a cold-blooded disposition; on the contrary, she had strong feelings and warm impulses, which, if they had been combined with a less fertile and scheming intellect, or controlled by a more powerful conscience, might have yielded good fruit. As it was, the one talent she emphatically lacked (and whose want made all her other gifts much worse than valueless) was the simple but capital quality of honesty. Her feelings were under the command of her intellect; but her intellect steered its course by a bright look-out ahead, without reference to chart or compass. At any rate, if there was a magnetic needle poised in her soul at all, its perverse polarity seemed to find a repellent influence at due right and an attraction at due wrong.

There is a species of subtle, restless ingenuity whose natural vent and functional development tend to falseness and intrigue. Plain sailing and straightforward dealing are too dull and monotonous to interest such natures; and the affairs of this wicked world are so constituted that persons with a talent for evolving fiction by the fathom soon get their line of conduct into a ravell'd labyrinth of loops and tangles about their hands and feet, which requires dexterous manipulation and delicate stepping enough to keep their faculties on the alert.

Lady Julia's regard for John Jarnwith probably came as near true love as it was in her approach to truth of any kind. Her inclination towards him was strong and genuine. He was just the man whom, circumstances being favourable, she would prefer above all others.

But circumstances being favourable meant that she should be a great lady and a personage of *par le monde*. Her ideas of worldly distinction were pitched in a very high key, especially since she had seen something of the gradations of society in England. She had taken the measure of her uncle's (Sir Everard) position and bearing at Sphensker, and her grandmother's manner among the great ladies at Wrotesworth.

It is a question whether the Dowager's precepts served so effectually as her example in warning her grandchild against unsatisfactory alliances. It appeared to her that the old lady's life was embittered by an uneasy sense of having derogated from her original level in society.

If Jarnwith had had an estate of ten thousand a year settled on him for certain it would have seemed to Lady Julia a virtuous sacrifice of ambition to have accepted him out of hand. Ten thousand

a year and the second son of an Earl, with a promising Parliamentary career, being her modest computation of lowly contentment and love in a cottage, there was little occasion for alarm about her "throwing herself away" in a hurry.

She allowed Jarnwith to make a great deal of love to her because she liked it, and because she liked him better than any of her other admirers. But she did not allow his raptures, and still less his tortures, to stand in the way of her paying due attention to more advantageous speculations.

One rival who caused him a good deal of anxiety was Sydney Whitmarsh. That young gentleman's interest in Lady Julia flourished in great force during the first month or two of the London season. The Dowager evidently favoured his suit (if suit it could be called, for Whitmarsh was in no hurry to throw himself away either), and often asked him to dinner. The old lady considered Whitmarsh a link of union with the Trickleborough connection. The Duchess continued to patronise Lady Julia, and she also entertained the idea of her being provisionally destined to be the future Countess of Macclesfield. She had even hinted to Sydney that it was on the cards that Julia might still be a great heiress. However, before Easter, news from Nice of a private and domestic character somewhat qualified this view of her prospects, and about that period Mr. Whitmarsh's assiduities fell off a little. But, after all, it might only be a co-heiress.

Jarnwith being passionately in love and resolutely bent on winning the woman on whom he had set his heart, at all hazards or any sacrifices, took it for granted that if he was loved in return he should be loved in the same measure and proportion.

Now, on this unsubstantial assumption, more castles in the air are built in vain by sanguine lovers and trustful sweethearts than on any other specious platform in cloudland.

It has been said by some French mocker at all things dear and sacred and quoted with modified satisfaction by an eminent English humorist, who did not name his authority, and perhaps invented his quotation, that "there are two parties to a love transaction—the one loves and the other consents to be so treated." Whoever invented it has the characteristics of Gallic epigram. Truth, sharpened to the vanishing point, exaggerated into the plausible untruth of caricature.

It is not true that love usually is all on one side, and mere consent or toleration on the other; but it is one-sided in so far as it is most improbable that two people should happen to love each other with exactly equal intensity. Love is the magic spark that springs from the union of electric currents between soul and soul, and implies mutuality.

The misfortune is, that in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand cases where this mutuality does occur, the binary system of twin-starred Eros couples together luminaries of different magnitude and glory. And, as the ordinary laws of astronomy do not hold good in the seventh heaven of romance, the larger and brighter sphere revolves on the smaller. The heart which loves least becomes the centre of attraction, while that which loves most is little more than a satellite.

Jarnwith was not by any means such a silly fellow as to fall in love without feeling sure that he was loved; nor was he blind enough to feel sure without some evidence. But, having once made up his mind that she loved him, it never suggested itself to his imagination that the quality of her love was not of the most seraphic brand.

He could not be expected to guess that the love of so young and bright a creature should be pretty much the female equivalent for that sort of ardent but uncelestial passion which a hard-headed, selfish man of the world half indulges and half represses when his affections and all the better impulses of his nature are entangled in the attraction of some fair and tender damsel whom it does not suit his book to marry, though he cannot for the life of him help loving her to what he calls distraction.

No doubt it often happens that the defect of love is on the male side, not so much because woman's love is stronger as that it usually has less definite and individual aims to combat.

A true woman's ambition, when she loves strongly, is absorbed in her lover, and her schemes and hopes group themselves around her lover. Mme. De Staël says that "Man's love is a mere episode, while woman's is her whole history."

The sense of parasitic incapacity to stand alone, and the carefully preserved ignorance of the wickedness of the world in which girls are brought up, tend to a joint ambition and single-hearted affection.

Julia had not had the moral advantages or intellectual drawbacks of an English education. Her ambition was individual instead of vivacious. Her innocence had not been kept pale, like an unsunned celery-plant under an inverted garden-pot. She had not studied human passions and motives at the feet of such an able professor as Lord De Vergund with that result.

When women grow up in the open daylight unscrubbed, unveiled, outside the walls of that mental and moral harem (which in Christian countries represents the physical barriers and bolts and jealousies of Islam), the complexion of their character darkens quicker than in men. The tenderer the skin, the sooner it is tanned; the fairer, the sooner freckled.

Oriental tradition says the apple of good and evil which Eve swallowed down glibly still sticks in the throats of Adam's male descendants. If a woman is not a true woman she is assuredly false than a false man.

Lady Julia found the part she was playing with Jarnwith by no means easy. He was most inconveniently impetuous; and the ardour of his passion, while it recommended him to her heart, had a serious tendency to interfere with her policy.

He could not or would not understand that her kindness for him in private was not intended to authorise him in an acknowledged monopoly of her good graces at balls and parties. He was savagely indignant at the smiles she lavished on empty-headed middle-aged fops who had nothing to recommend them except that they were brilliant matches. He would not be consoled when she intimated that her duty to her indefatigable grandmother, who took her about everywhere, demanded sacrifice of this kind.

In short, she found that he would not be satisfied with present preference and future possibilities. Unwillingly she became convinced that she must either marry him or quarrel with him, neither of which alternatives exactly suited her for the present.

CHAPTER XVI.

"As long as plain truth, common sense, and even-handed justice are acknowledged to be salutary ingredients in the government of nations."

The ink was glistening wet on one of the concluding pages of a copious MS. pamphlet in the bold handwriting of Edmund Strensal. The slips of paper lay, some piled thick and others scattered loose under the rounded light from a silver reading-lamp, on the library-table.

"Hello! old fellow," said a voice, as the door opened in the further darkness of the room. "I saw the midnight oil glimmering at your window as I drove down Park-lane, so I came round, for I want to have a word with you. I am sorry to break in upon you in the midst of your immortal works."

"Never mind them; if they are immortal they'll keep. Don't make any excuses for coming. It seems a century since you have been near me."

"Well, you know pretty much why; at any rate, you know better than I do. Ever since I have been in love, when a fellow feels the want of a friend more than any other time, there has been a sort of cold cloud between us. And I'll be hanged if I know what the bottom of it all can be. I thought, at first, you might be angry with me and her for motives of your own. But you have shown no signs of hankering after her, and I have given up that idea almost. Still, I never have been able to get a word out of you either for her or against her. And even now you look black at the very mention of her."

"I had rather say nothing and hear nothing about her. If you call this unwillingness to discuss Lady Julia's merits or demerits a 'cold cloud on our friendship,' I am sorry it should be there, but I cannot disperse it. You know, John, that I have no friend whom I

value and trust so much as yourself. I think you will believe me when I say that no change has come over my friendship towards you, and that my inability to give you sympathy and advice in this affair is most painful to me, precisely as it does, a barrier of constraint and silence between us."

"Look here, Edmund! If you loved her yourself, and had parted with her under a misunderstanding which was capable of being removed, I think I, as your intimate friend, should have been admitted to your confidence. And then, as your friend and sworn brother, I should have kept out of your way, and from standing in your light. But from the first you pooh-poohed the idea, though you never absolutely denied it; and when she appeared on the scene, and I thought if I went in for a slight flirtation it might bring you out in your true colours, you only seemed to shut up still closer. And since it has grown serious I have felt more and more that, in a dark, uncomfortable way, your heart was set against me, and the idea of my happiness gave you a sort of shudder. I hope it may not be a blind instinct in my own conscience reproaching me with an indistinct remorse for some wrong I may have done you in the egotistical unconsciousness of an absorbing passion. Perhaps, after all, you may have been making a generous effort to pardon me for a selfish intrusion between you and the object of your hopes, but I can hardly reconcile that with—"

"My dear John, why will you persist in these painful suggestions, to which you know beforehand I can make no reply?"

"Why do I? Because I am in the agony of my fate. This very night I must know the worst or the best that can happen to me. And as at the last push, which sends one fairly into the corner, all one's ghastly scruples rise up with a sort of death-bed foretaste of judgment, I determined to make a last appeal to you before clenching the affair. The gist of your demeanour in this affair, now that it is rammed down into its solid result, amounts to this:—There are just two interpretations to put on your behaviour. One is that you love Julia—in which case I am acting as your enemy. The other is, that you know something against her—by concealing which you are acting as mine. If either of these alternatives is the true solution, speak now or for ever hold your peace. I am going on to Lady Randalmer's ball directly, and I shall ask her to decide my destiny once for all to-night."

"Why are you in such haste? Surely this is very rash. It is early in the season yet. Consider how little you know of her."

"I know enough to be certain that I cannot be happy without her. It is near the end of my season. She is going over to Paris to-morrow or the next day; going back to her father, and who knows where that old scamp may carry her off to, or what evil influences that amiable stepmother, Lady Ulrica, may bring to bear upon her, or when I may see her again, or what may have happened in the meantime. Do you know there are bad reports about Ernest: they say he is just as conspicuously assiduous as ever—a nice thing that would be for a girl of Julia's age to see a fellow making love continually to her father's wife, and that fellow my own brother, too. By Jove, I can't bear to think of it! Come; are you going to speak? I must be moving on."

"John Jarnwith, listen to me! If you did not feel some doubt in your own heart, some uncomfortable misgivings about the trustworthiness of the adored object, you would not be here but there already. You come to me who am tongue-tied in hopes of persuading me to help you out of your distressing uncertainty. I have told you so many times that I cannot say anything about Lady Julia that it is no use repeating it; but this I can tell you. No man should ask a woman to marry him unless he knows her so well that he requires nobody else's knowledge of her. It is not enough to like a woman and to be liked by her. You should have seen her tried, and know that you can trust her so that the praise and blame of millions cannot raise or lower your opinion of her. You may say, how is one to see a woman tried. I tell you the world is made for a touchstone of character. Wait till the circumstances of your life bring you in contact with such a woman so proved. The occasion comes sooner or later to those who wait and deserve. Millions throw away their chance of true happiness in a fit of impatience, mistaking the prepossession of an imaginative longing for the true intuition of their soul. Unless you have so entangled yourself that it would be a breach of honourable understanding to abstain from declaring yourself now, I advise and entreat you to wait till time and trial show you whether you are really and truly destined for one another. At any rate, you have my best wishes and prayers for your true welfare and happiness."

Jarnwith was impatient under the infliction of this morality. He was inclined to resent the discouraging advice. He had it on the tip of his tongue to say, "he asked for information, not advice; but as the advice implied a censure on the woman he loved, he would thank him to withdraw such implication or substantiate it." But there was a serious kindness in Edmund's tone which made it difficult to take him up sharply. Besides, there was nothing to be got out of him; and, above all, John was in too great a hurry to go into such a tedious thing as a quarrel with a reasonable and right-minded man, who seemed mysteriously convinced he was acting on principle. So he said, with a nod or two that seemed to indicate large omissions, "All right, old fellow. I wish you all success with the pamphlet." And away went Jarnwith, like a straw to the whirlpool.

But Strensal did not sit down to his pamphlet again. "Plain truth, common sense, even-handed justice," indeed. It was all very well to write glibly of applying these fine simple elements to the government of a nation; but how far was his own individual conduct squared to them? Had he been telling his friend plain truth? Had he acted with common-sense and even-handed justice, in rigorously holding to the terms of his thoughtless promise to Lady Julia, at the expense of fidelity to his friend's best interests. Was not friendship, the virtual engagement compacted by intimate years and sequence of consistent deeds, a stronger bond to stand by his friend than the casual breath of a moment to bind him to preserve the secret of that false woman. "Still, my word is my word, and I must keep it. But she ought to understand the terms of mutual obligation better than to make love to my best friend; and perhaps it is my duty to tell her so."

He looked in his engagement-book and found Lady Randalmer's ball duly entered. In five minutes he was dressed, for he was not in the humour to be very particular about the tie of his white neckcloth, and he probably went arrayed in what the young Brummels of the day might have considered a signal failure.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—The third and last great show of the season took place on Wednesday, and there was a magnificent exhibition of fruit and flowers. The display of roses attracted much notice; the grapes, melons, pineapples, figs, nectarines, and peaches were greatly admired, and the plants were much commended by the connoisseurs. The company, which included the Queen of Prussia and several members of our own Royal family, was of a most distinguished character.

"I'M THE BAGGAGE."—As the mid-day Worcester train was about leaving the depot, a man of the Johnsonian type of manners entered one of the cars, and gruffly requested that two young ladies occupying separate seats should sit together, that he and his friend might enjoy a tête-à-tête on the other seat. "But," said one of the damsels, blushing, "this seat is engaged." "Engaged, is it?" brusquely responded the man, "who engaged it?" "A young man," said the conscious maiden. "A young man, eh! where's his baggage?" persisted Ursula Major. "I'm his baggage, Old Hatful," replied the demure damsel, putting her rosy lips into the prettiest pout. "Old Hatful" subsided; the young man came in, extended his arm protectingly, almost caressingly, around his "baggage," and Mr. Conductor started the train.—*American Paper.*

YOUNG LADIES OF THE DAY.—The feature "most conspicuous by its absence" in the educated society of the present day is the class of devoted women and clerical young ladies who formed a very familiar type of womanhood ten or fifteen years ago. Whether the women of the present day are essentially better or worse than those of the same age half a generation back, is a matter too delicate for male critics to decide. But that they are externally less devoted there can be no question whatever. A photographic album replaces upon her table the illuminated *Thomas à Kempis* or *Christian Year* of other days—which album is adorned by a large number of manly forms, which she modestly assures you are those of "her brother's friends." She wholly ignores the theological topics of the day, and does not feel at the thought of Bishop Colenso one-half the glow of indignant horror with which the young lady of twelve years ago would have mentioned the name of Gorham or Bennett, as the case might be. She knows more about operas than churches, and more about dressmakers than either.—*Saturday Review.*

THE IONIAN ISLANDS.

SANTA MAURA.

This island, though not one of the smallest or least important of the Ionian group, is very little known in England, owing, probably, to the fact that it is much less visited than the rest and much less easy of access to yachts, which seldom make their appearance in its little harbour. There is good reason for this. The island, seen from the sea, presents the appearance of a group of mountains, with a narrow strip of cultivated land between the mountains and the sea. From the north, however, the flat lands and the town are excluded from observation by a large lagoon, or exceedingly shallow inclosed basin of salt water, which is formed by a spit of sand running out from a cape on the west side of the island, and approaching so near the coast of Greece on the other side as to admit of any one wading across with ease, and nowhere allowing room for a boat to pass except by an artificial channel. Santa Maura is, in fact, a peninsula something like the Morea, but smaller; and the connecting land, or isthmus, instead of being a few feet above, is a few inches below, water. During the disturbances that took place when the liberation of Greece from Turkey was in progress many people, women as well as men escaped from the pursuit of the Turks, by wading on foot across the shallowest parts of the water covering the narrow isthmus alluded to.

Owing to one of those accidents which are not rare in the selection of sites for cities, the capital of Santa Maura is most unfortunately placed, being actually on the water, but a full mile from the sea, in a position the most uncomfortable, unmeaning, and inconvenient that can be imagined. We read in Coleridge's ballad, "The Ancient Mariner," of the terrible condition of a ship's crew at sea in a calm dying of drought—"Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink"—and the Santa Mauriots may almost feel the same with regard to communications—water all round, and no means of reaching or escaping from the place by a boat. The depth of water in the lagoon is not more than a few inches in some places, and barely two feet anywhere, so that it has actually been necessary to cut a canal through this shallow swamp, and tow boats and barges along this canal to reach the shore. No wonder, then, that few ships touch there, or that little communication is obtained with the world outside. Once a week (on a Sunday morning) a steamer is due from Corfu, and it returns on the afternoon of the same day. The postmaster at Santa Maura (and such an officer really exists, and is duly paid his salary) must therefore have an easy berth.

Santa Maura is about the size of the Isle of Man, and is the third in magnitude and fourth in population of the Ionian Islands. It is estimated to contain 180 square miles, and has a population of upwards of 20,000 souls, of whom three-fourths reside in the country villages. The town is small, having under five thousand inhabitants, and as, in addition to its other recommendations, it is periodically visited by earthquakes, which forty years ago destroyed most of the buildings, it now consists of houses hardly any of which are more than one story high, and many of which are not built above the ground floor. It was once named Amaxiki, but is now more generally called the town of Santa Maura. It consists of one main street, called the Bazaar, and a complicated series of narrow dirty alleys. There is, however, a square, with a church in it, and a casino or club; and there are several public buildings, among which is a market-place. It is always indifferently supplied, but during the great fairs one would look in vain for anything more solid than bread, olives, and oranges. There are some rich people in Santa Maura, however; and it has its Regent or Mayor, its Judges, its councillors, its police magistrate, and other dignified officials. Far above all these, in the plenitude of his power, sits the Resident—the official representative of England. This gentleman entirely controls every act of the municipality, and is responsible only to the Lord High Commissioner. He possesses a veto on every question, and, as the work of each day has to be signed by him before it is of any validity, he cannot absent himself from his post without leaving a substitute. Indeed, he is not allowed to be away more than forty-eight hours from his island without leave from the Lord High Commissioner. There is no hotel in Amaxiki, the few English who are tempted by its antiquities, the good shooting in the neighbourhood, or any other cause, to pay it a visit, being received into the house of the Resident, or into the fort. The latter is a large old Turkish construction, on the outer margin of the lagoon and close to the harbour; but it is a mile from the town, and in rough or rainy weather it is by no means pleasant to cross. There are at present about a hundred men, commanded by a captain and other officers.

Though very rough and mountainous Santa Maura is well cultivated, and has a busy, intelligent, population, exceedingly independent, and by no means poor. The chief produce is oil; and a magnificent grove of olive-trees behind the town reveals at once, by its greatly-superior condition, and by evident careful cultivation, the difference between the inhabitants of this island and those of Corfu. In the space of ground between the town and the hills there cannot be less than half a million of fine olive-trees, and this is a very small part of the ground thus occupied in the island. The annual exportation of oil averages 30,000 barrels of 16 gallons each; and the quantity retained for home consumption must certainly be much larger.

The roads of Santa Maura are for the most part bad, and even when there is a decent road it is seldom that the country people will avail themselves of it. They prefer walking, and leading their horses up and down the most breakneck precipices, and across vineyards and cornfields, rather than follow a beaten and good path if cut in zigzag on the hill side. Carriage roads, however, do not exist in the country; and there are no other conveyances in the island than a few carts that convey goods about in the flat land immediately adjacent to the town.

An excursion into the country in this island must be conducted on horseback, and would astonish those not accustomed to very wild and primitive districts. Within half an hour of the town we find ourselves scrambling up a hillside, almost without the appearance of a path. From time to time we are closed in by huge blocks of stone, and then emerge to obtain a noble view of the country below, the long white sands that stretch across to Greece, the lagoon and its islands, the fort and the opposite shore of Acarnania. At length we reach the first summit, but only to find a valley of no great width, wild waste, and rocky, and beyond that a second range, loftier than the first. Did our way lie in that direction, we might cross this second range and look upon a third, which forms the western barrier of the island. But we are going southwards to one of the principal and most picturesque of the mountains, named Skarus. From our first summit we see no villages, or at least only a few scattered houses covered with light brown tiles, and, perhaps, a small oblong building, with a bell-tower adjacent, which we recognise as a church. Once at the top of the first hills, we look down on more than one valley. Two are perfectly round, and look like gigantic punch-bowls, or rather like two amphitheatres, for there are apparently numerous parallel rows of seats from the bottom to the top. Grand, indeed, would be such a theatre, and all the population of the country might assemble there without difficulty. Grand, also, is the arena—perfectly round and at a dead level, occupying a space of many hundred acres. But the theatre is one in which only Nature's performances are to be seen, except, indeed, that man, by cultivation, guides and directs them. All the floor is corn land, and the seats are terraces of stone, made artificially, to support the soil that would otherwise be washed down by every shower. Several of these curious amphitheatres exist in the island, and during rainy weather the water occupies them partially, although it rapidly sinks through and disappears. Not a square yard of land is neglected by the industrious people, and during the early spring they are busy in their vineyards, digging round the roots of those little twisted twigs that are at that season the only representatives of wealth of grapes and wine of the forthcoming summer. The vine is here cultivated very low, and all the wood is cut away every year except the stem and one small branch, so that in riding or walking over the stony ground covered with vines one is very apt at this season to lose sight altogether of the fact that one is crossing a vineyard.

Riding on across the country, we see a few people busy, but not many about. They work in groups of men, and sometimes of women, but not of men and women together. They hardly take notice of

the passing multitude, although such a phenomenon must be very rare; but they stick to their work, or, if it is mealtime, they form a picturesque group seated on the ground, and hardly looking up when one passes. A strange, wild-looking set they are; but they do not mean any harm, and are under excellent order, as a police force of fifty men in the town and one person in each village (called the Primate) suffice to do all that is wanted and ensure the detection of an offender.

As in all time of antiquity, the Greeks are much given to speculation; but crimes of violence, though once common, are now comparatively rare. The population, still very small, is increasing steadily; and in the country districts the morality is not worse than under similar circumstances elsewhere.

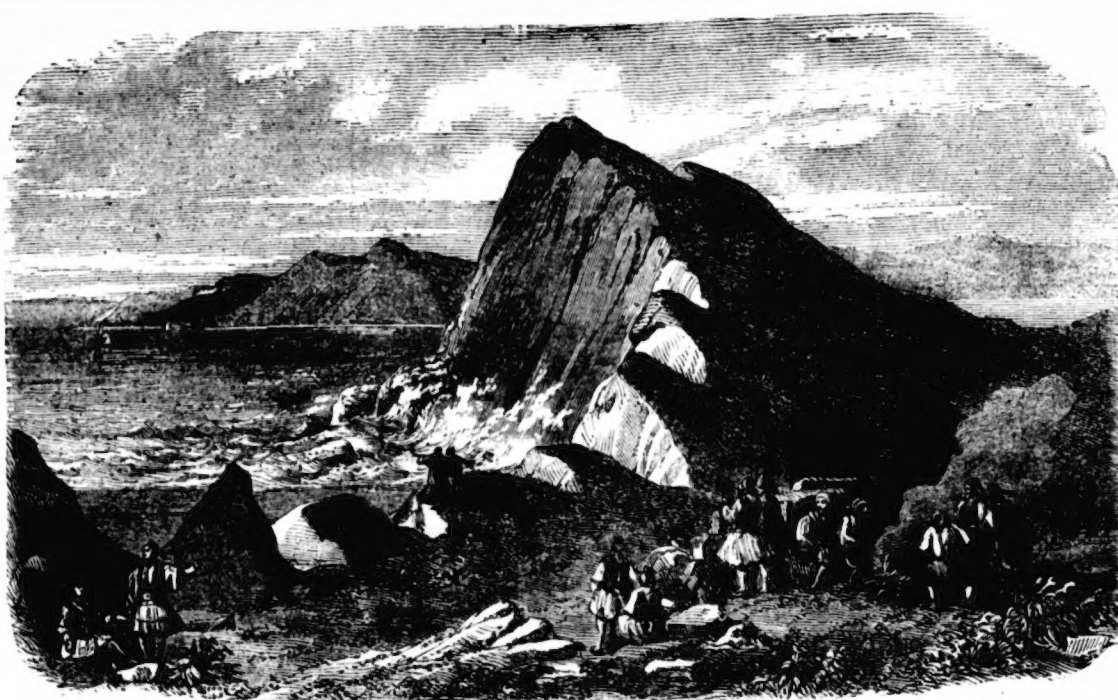
Our journey leads us past two villages, very straggling, very poor, and apparently quite empty, to one of those large religious houses once so common in all countries where the Greek Church prevails. The one in question is an excellent specimen of its kind, but now only contains two venerable monks and a few dependants. The building is large, but low, and is inclosed by an irregular and not very lofty wall—lofty enough, no doubt, to keep off the wolves and jackals that abound in the neighbouring forest, but certainly not calculated to resist robbers. But there is not much now to tempt the robber, even if the sacredness of the place did not ensure its safety. This monastery of Skarus is as comfortable and useful as it is picturesque. The gate is placed in an angle of the wall, and seems always open, and as we wind round a rocky, precipitous path among loose stones and many briars and myrtles, the deep baying of the dog announces our approach.

We learn from one of the labourers tending a few sheep outside that the good fathers are at home, and we enter, as if the place were our own, and put our horses in the stable while we make their acquaintance. As they talk only modern Greek, a language that requires some experience to master, our servant has to interpret. We say we will have some coffee when we come down from the mountain, and then proceed on our way.

Up a steep path, and round into a narrow gully, we pass into one of the finest mountain-forests of white oak in Europe. Large sound old trees are there that might make the fortune of many a speculator and do good service in the world. A few years ago this noble forest was in its prime. Now it has been so much injured by the gross and mischievous carelessness of those who ought to have looked after it that a large part of its value is gone. Fire has been introduced to do the work of destruction. Trees too large to be touched by any tools possessed by the country people have been brought down in this terrible way, and have been allowed to rot in order to save some idle men the trouble of picking up brushwood, of which there is plenty. One tree, having a girth of 17 ft., lies in this predicament.

Few forest views can be finer than that down the valley in which these trees have flourished. They might very easily have been cut down and conveyed away; but they have been burnt instead of cut, and now cumber the earth.

There are three or four distinct summits of the mountain of Skarus, all crowned with noble oaks, and all affording distinct and beautiful views of the surrounding scenery. From one we look down on an archipelago between the coast of Santa Maura and Greece. Just below is Meganisi, with its quarries of the most beautiful limestone in the world, its fields yielding large supplies of corn, and its industrious and thriving inhabitants. Beyond is Calamos, a gloomy mass of lofty mountains frowning in majestic isolation. A multitude of small groups and detached islands lie between; other larger islands beyond. Just at our feet is the little inclosed and beautiful Bay of Vliko. Calm and beautiful as are its sloping shores, it is without the smallest sign of human habitation. Beyond is classical Ithaca, the



THE ROCK OF LEUCADIA, SANTA MAURA.



GENERAL DON JUAN ANTONIO PEZET, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF PERU.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SENHOR MAUNOURY, OF LIMA.)

land of Ulysses, and behind it the lofty summit of the Black Mountain in Cephalonia, the highest land in the islands. Another peak presents a singular but beautiful contrast. From it

we look down upon the broad, open water of the upper part of the Channel of Santa Maura, terminating with the white sand of the bar or spit that almost connects Leucadia with Greece. Looked at from here, no channel is visible, and we seem to have before us nothing but a quiet bay, shallowing towards its termination.

We come back to the convent, but are accompanied by another person, who tells us through the interpreter that, hearing we were about to visit the forest, and, being the chief man of the district, he had walked out from Amaxiki, where he had been the previous day to assist in some public demonstration, and had actually overtaken us by pressing on very fast along a much rougher though shorter way than that we had followed.

We journeyed down to the convent together, and there the monks first took us into their chapel, which was much like other buildings of the same kind, and then into their refectory, where the refreshment was soon ready. Delicious coffee, that would not have disgraced Paris, Vienna, or Pesth; raki, of excellent quality, a liqueur made by the monks from their own produce; bread, which, however, was so exceedingly dry that it served as biscuit; these were freely offered, and I was asked if there was anything else

they could do for me. Meat, or animal food of any kind whatever, would not have been procurable within many miles, for the season was Lent, and the fast is very strict; but, if the reality of hospitality may be judged of by the mode of expressing it, certainly I had no reason to complain of my reception.

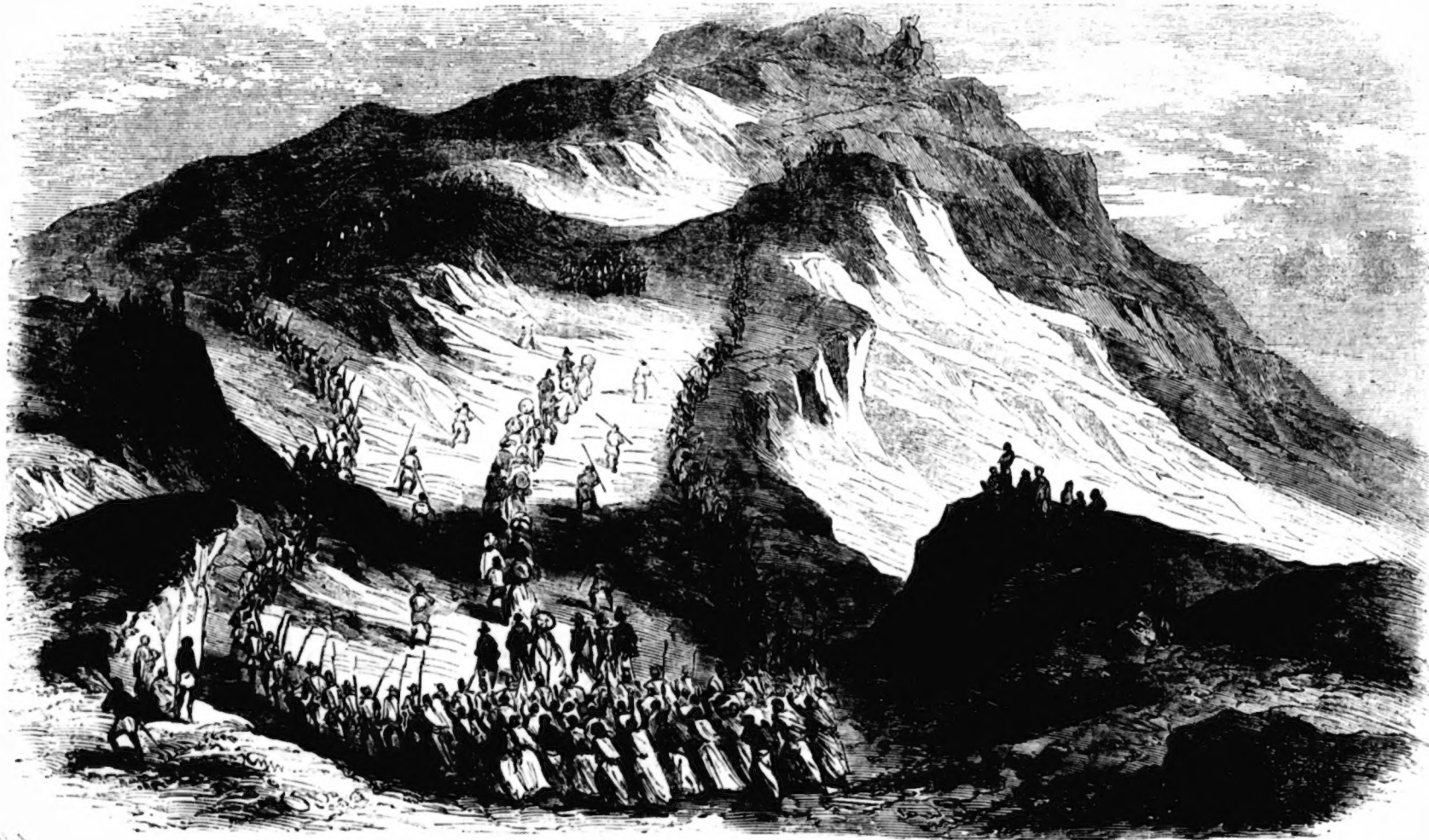
While the horses were being saddled I looked at some of the curiosities of the establishment. They included only a few very neat but not ancient manuscripts of the Gospel, written by one of their own people some two centuries ago. They were in the old Greek character, though rather loaded with abbreviations; and it amused and surprised the good monks that, not being able to speak or understand more than a word or two, I could still read their language. I also showed them that I could write it by giving them my name in the Greek character—a feat not very difficult, but which added to their surprise. The fact is, however, that although a modern Greek of tolerable intelligence can understand an Englishman when reading a Greek sentence of which he knows the meaning, no one not accustomed to the people could make out anything of the most familiar phrase when rapidly spoken with modern accent and in the present style of pronunciation.

On leaving my kind friends, we all shook hand most vigorously, and greatly regretted that we could do no more. One of the priests had, indeed, learned so much English as the words "Good!" and "All right!" and these he repeated two or three times at parting, to his great satisfaction.

I returned to the town by the nearer but rougher road, stumbling and jumping from one rolling stone to another, down a path extremely precipitous, till we reached the sea. On the way down I was called to look at a remarkable well, in a chapel constructed in the very heart of a gigantic stone that had rolled down from the mountain-top. This block is more than 50 ft. square by 20 ft. or 30 ft. thick, and it lies like a gigantic cromlech, projecting so far from the hillside that a large shed has been built under it by putting a few loose stones together to make a wall in front.

The island of Santa Maura is one of the most interesting of all the Ionian Islands for its early history, and it contains remains, though very imperfect, of several ancient cities and temples.

The most remarkable, and that most easily visited from the town, is the city of Leucos, built on a hill just behind the present Amaxiki. This city dates back to the seventh century before Christ; but many centuries before that another city, celebrated by Homer, had been founded on the same site. Homer's city was called Nericos. An



KING RHADAMA II. AND HIS COURT VISITING THE PLACE OF EXECUTION OF THE CHRISTIAN MARTYRS AT ANIVONSOI, MADAGASCAR.

afternoon spent in wandering among the ruins of these old towns is very interesting. Parts of the walls still remain and impress one with respect for the ingenuity and strength brought to bear at so early a period. These walls are built of stones of various shapes all fitting so closely together that it would be very difficult to introduce the blade of a knife at any part. And yet among them there are single blocks measuring 6 ft. in length, 4 ft. across in the widest part, and at least 3 ft. or 4 ft. thick; vast masses, compared with which the largest stones used in modern buildings are as nothing. Though oddly shaped, yet these are so contrived that there should be no vacant intervals; and even at this day, when so many ages have rolled by, there would not be room even at the corners to put in a rod of iron sufficient for a step by which to climb the walls.

Besides these walls there are many curious excavations, some involving difficulties of construction that would now be felt as extreme. There are, too, contrivances, ingenious, and adapted doubtless to the wants of the people who invented them, but so different from any we adopt that we can hardly realise their importance. Unluckily, much of the most interesting work has been gradually modified in successive ages and by the changing habits of the inhabitants. Many coins and portions of pottery have been obtained at various times from this spot, which continued to be an important city till long after the commencement of the Christian era.

D. T. ANSTED.

It is in St. Maur, or Leucadia, that we find the celebrated Leucadian rock, so famous in antiquity as connected with the story of Sappho, who was represented, on very little authority except the uncertain stories of the ancients, to have thrown herself thence into the sea in consequence of her unrequited love for Phaon—a name, by-the-way, never mentioned in such fragments of her works as still exist. The legend, however, remains, and the Leucadian rock was long associated with the poetry of suffering love. This place, however, had a grim reality of its own, since it was a recognised place of execution, where some of those condemned to death were precipitated into the sea, and unless they were killed by the fall received a pardon and were suffered to live.

CATCH HIM ASLEEP.

YES. I daresay you would relish the chance. "Catch a weasel asleep." He has sat at that old office table for a generation and a half, but nobody has caught him yet. Perhaps, judging from the picture, you may take our friend for a not over-respectable old money-lender. For your own sake, if for no better reason, do not be so readily deceived: he is one of the weasel tribe; and, whatever other vices they may indulge in, these interesting little animals have never yet been caught napping. Those papers on his desk, whether mortgage, bill, or power of attorney, are not papers at all—they are prey. In times long past, before weasels had cast their sleek brown skins, taken to walking on hind legs, and learnt the mystery of signing judgment, those Documents, as we are in the habit of terming them, flew with real wings, and were simple, trusting, easily-caught pigeons. But see how much more complete are our arrangements in these latter days. Civilisation and Debt have brought Pigeon and Weasel into a truer relation. In the old days, Weasel hid himself in a hole and caught his bird at a spring, vulgarly sucking his blood directly after. Now the two meet without any such undue violence. Weasel can



NO. 9.—"CATCH HIM ASLEEP."—(DRAWN BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.)

shake hands cordially with Pigeon, and feel proud thereof. The state of the weather in relation to the crops can be discussed; Pigeon can make his little joke at friend Weasel, can do his little bill, abuse his enemy to his face if he please, can be stripped of every feather, and sucked as dry as an orange, without any appearance of rude violence or indecent haste.

So that this Natural selection of Pigeon by the Weasel is in just accord with Mr. Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species. But,

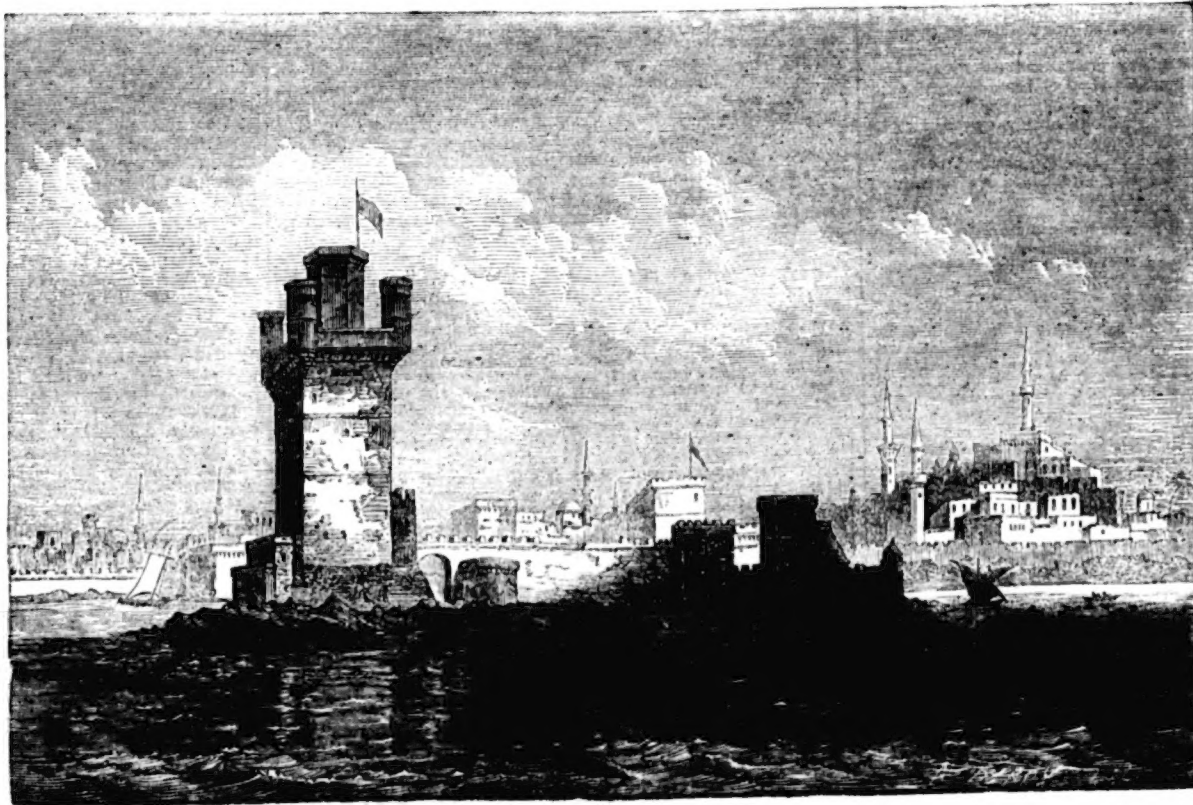
soners, the Cacique being killed at once, and the Colonel shot after a year's captivity, during which time his young son never left him. On the day of execution the boy accompanied his father to the fatal spot, and there swore eternal hate to the Spaniards, and promised to avenge his death.

A few years afterwards the young San Roman accepted service in the Independent Army, where he greatly distinguished himself, when he attained that rank at the siege of Callao, in 1821. He took part in every battle of the campaign which commenced in 1832, and was made Captain at the battle of Ayacucho, where he was represented as one of the heroes of the day.

The political convulsions which afterwards took place in Peru gave such a man the opportunity of turning his courage and address to good account; and, in 1838, he was made General of the Peruvian army at the battle of Gangallo, becoming the most terrible opponent of Santa-Cruz, whom he finally chased from the country.

In 1853 he was named Grand Marshal, and, in 1855, became a senator, and was elected President of the National Convention. Some years afterwards he was promoted to the grade of Commander-in-Chief, and, during his exercise of this office was called to the presidency of the Republic only five months before his death.

General Don Juan Antonio Pezet, the new President, was born at Lima, at the time from which the Spanish-American Republics date their separate political existence. His father, an enthusiastic patriot, instilled into him at a very early age those principles which secure a love of liberty; and, under the influence of these sentiments, young Pezet hastened to join the Peruvian army under



VIEW OF RHODES, SHOWING THE TOWER OF MARDRAICH, DESTROYED BY THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

steady as is the progress of society, may we, in our "struggle for existence," be protected from the clutches of any such unsleeping attentions.

C. H. B.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PERU.

THE Grand Marshal, Don Miguel San Roman, the late President of the Peruvian Republic, died at Chorillo, a small town about three leagues from Lima, on the 3rd of April last, at the age of sixty-one years, and amidst almost universal mourning on his behalf. The first Vice-President being in Europe, and the second at Arequipa, Peru was left for a week without a leading chief; but, notwithstanding the excitement recently produced by the elections and the return of the political exiles into the country, the public tranquillity has not been disturbed. General Canseco, the second Vice-President, took provisional possession of the executive power on the 9th of April, and formed a Cabinet of politicians who had already secured the public confidence by their services and experience.

The obsequies of the late President were celebrated with extraordinary pomp, after the corpse had lain in State for three days in the chapel of the Government Palace. On the 8th, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the body was transferred from this chapel to the cathedral, attended by a cortège composed of all the most exalted personages of the country. After mass had been performed, the funeral oration was pronounced by the Canon, Dr. Don Juan Ambrosio Huerta. General San Roman was born at Puno, in 1802, of Indian parents, and was twelve years of age when his father, Miguel San Roman, a Colonel in the Spanish service, took part in the Indian insurrection raised by the Cacique Pumacagua. At the battle of Sicuani, Pumacagua and San Roman were taken pri-

General San-Martin when he embarked in 1821, with the liberators of Buenos Ayres and Chili, from the north of Lima. Pezet made his first campaign as a Cadet under this General, and took a part in those events which resulted in the evacuation of the capital, the defeat of the Vice-Regal troops, and the capitulation of Callao after a siege. The Cadet became a Lieutenant at the time of the declaration of independence, and continued in active service, at the same time advancing in rank.

At the termination of the war, after the campaign which established the Bolivian Republic, Pezet continued his military career, and, passing through the successive grades, became a General, this last distinction being awarded on the field of battle.

Believing, however, that military glory alone should not distinguish a patriot, the General became proficient in the various duties of the civil service of the Government, and was placed at the head of the Custom House department at Callao, one of the principal offices of the finance of the country.

Charged with the control of the affairs of Libertad, Junin, Lima, Callao, and Arequipa, he has administered them in such a manner as secured a thorough recognition of his honourable and valuable service, and, being afterwards appointed to the difficult post of Prefect of Moquegua, he is especially distinguished as the promoter of the great canals and the railway from Arica to Tacna, both of them works of enormous importance to the district, and, indeed, to the country at large. Don Juan Pezet was called to the post of Minister of War under difficult and trying circumstances, in which he was remarkable for his influence in consolidating public tranquillity by the moderation of his principles and his well-known impartiality. He had already discharged the office of Vice-President of the republic with such judgment that on the 10th of October last he was re-elected, and is, in consequence of this position, called upon to accept the presidency during the constitutional term. It is believed that his succession to this high office will secure all those advantages which result from well-known moderation, and those enlarged and generous views which, seeking no party interest, secure the co-operation even of political opponents. His Excellency Don Juan Antonio Pezet has taken the very earliest opportunity of visiting England after his appointment to his high office, and was presented to her Majesty by Earl Russell at Windsor on Monday.

THE VISIT OF THE KING OF MADAGASCAR TO THE PLACE WHERE THE CHRISTIANS WERE MARTYRED.

We have already given some account of the island of Madagascar and the ceremonies attendant on the accession of Rhadama II., and this week we publish an Engraving representing his visit, attended by the Court, to Antivosoti, the hill where the Christian converts were massacred in the period from 1837 to 1849.

"What Nebuchadnezzar attempted on the plains of Dura," says Mr. Ellis in his account, "what the Roman Emperor attempted in the days of Pliny, and what more recent rulers in after times have attempted in the States of Europe, has in our times been attempted in Madagascar, modified, it may be, by the external usages of the age or the circumstances of the people, but differing little in the spirit, the agency, or the end."

More than twenty years have passed since the profession of the Christian faith was publicly prohibited in Madagascar. The first Christian martyr suffered in 1837, the next in the following year. Three or four years after nine at least were put to death in such a manner as was intended to involve the supposed criminals in the deepest ignominy. In the year 1846 the sufferings of the people appear to have been great; but the severest persecution to which they were subjected, and in which the greatest number fell, occurred in the year 1849. Persons of all ranks and all ages were subjected to these punishments, which were as varied as the condition or the circumstances of the criminal. The tangena, an ordeal of poison-water, had frequently been administered with fatal effects. Fines had been imposed, from a single dollar to the estimated ransom of a whole family; and on one occasion a Prince was fined 100 dols. as half his redemption price. Seizure and confiscation of property were common, and multitudes were sold into severe slavery without the hope of redemption. Degradation from rank and penal servitude at the quarries, stripes, imprisonment, and fetters were the lot of many of those who were known to pray and read the Scriptures; while those who were appointed to die were treated with the greatest indignity. They were wrapped in old, torn, or dirty mats, and rags were stuffed into their mouths. Seventeen of them had been tied each along a pole, and had been thus carried between two men to the place where sentence was to be pronounced. Four nobles were burned alive in a place by themselves, two of them being husband and wife, the latter expecting to become a mother. Fourteen were taken to a place of common execution, whither a number of felons were also taken to be put to death with the Christians. The latter were killed by being thrown over a steep precipice—the Tarpeian rock of Antananarivo, at Antivosoti, represented in our Engraving. Each one was suspended by a cord on or near the edge of the precipice, and there offered life on condition of renouncing Christianity and taking the required oaths. These fearful deeds were perpetrated in March, 1849, and since that time the persecution has abated, until, during the past few years, it seems to have ceased altogether.

A telegram forwarded from Alexandria on Saturday reports the startling fact that news had been received there of the outbreak of a revolution in Madagascar on the 12th of May. King Rhadama II. had been assassinated, and his widow proclaimed Queen of Madagascar. The reign of King Rhadama II. had been declared null, and mourning prohibited. The treaties concluded with European Powers had been suspended, but religious liberty was still to be maintained. The Queen had signed a Constitution in conformity with the views of the old Ova party. Much discontent prevailed throughout the kingdom, and fears were entertained of civil war.

REVOLTING DISCOVERY AT STOKES NEWINGTON.—For some time past suspicions have been entertained that an undertaker, carrying on business at Stokes Newington, instead of burying bodies intrusted to him for that purpose, disposed of them in some other way. From his premises the most disgusting odours came, and at length an official examination was made. Under a quantity of rubbish in a shed in the garden were found coffins containing the decaying remains of children, and another coffin, alleged by the undertaker to contain the body of a pauper who had died six weeks ago. On examination, however, it was found that this coffin was empty. It is to be hoped that the abominable business will be closely inquired into.

ROSE SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The annual rose show at the Crystal Palace took place on Saturday last, and was certainly as successful as could be desired. The roses were numerous and beautiful, and included amongst them many new varieties, and every kind of known class and colour was well represented. The roses were arranged down the north nave, and certainly no place is more suitable than this for any exhibition of the kind. The flowers themselves, as well as the company, being thoroughly protected from the weather, should it be unfavourable. Fortunately, on Saturday it was exceedingly fine, and the elegant summer dresses of the ladies who thronged the palace added to the beauty of the flowers, and both combined to make the scene truly a charming one. Perhaps amongst the exhibits the roses from Mr. Turner's Royal Nursery at Slough attracted, and justly so, the greatest attention. There were also some very excellent calceolarias.

THE BRUNSWICK ESTATES AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.—A statement recently published by several German journals, and to which the Brunswick Government has not given any contradiction, has produced a certain sensation in the north of Germany, and particularly in Prussia. The announcement was that the reigning Duke of Brunswick, who has no direct heirs, and whose territory, after the death of the Duke, will be united to Hanover, has bequeathed to the Emperor of Austria his immense personal fortune and considerable estates in foreign countries. The principality of Oels, in Silesia, and large domains in the district of Glatz, in Prussia, would thus belong, after the death of the Duke, to the Emperor Francis Joseph, who in this way would obtain a footing in Silesia, and there possess a vast territory under the Prussian sovereignty. It is to be borne in mind the fact that the Ducal House of Brunswick was for more than a century in the closest alliance with Prussia, whose armies were frequently placed under the command of Princes of Brunswick, who were attached to Prussia by family ties, there is reason to be astonished at a decision which may be regarded as a serious check for Prussia. Duke William himself was formerly on the best terms with the Court of Berlin; he has served in the cavalry of the Prussian Guard, and was at Berlin when the events of 1850 called him to the throne of Brunswick. It is only during the last twelve months that his relations with Austria have become so cordial.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT RHODES.

THE most ordinary association with which we connect the wonderful old island of Rhodes is that of the Colossus and the earthquake by which that enormous figure was destroyed; and in our day, although even the site of the gigantic brazen image is unknown, earthquake would seem to retain its property in the island and suddenly to call our attention to what was once the most celebrated maritime power of the world and is now a comparatively insignificant spot off the coast of Caria, in Asia Minor. From the time of its contributing forces for the Trojan War, under the son of Hercules, the fortunes of Rhodes were in the ascendant, until they were influenced by the rising Athenians, who eventually entered into an alliance with the Rhodians. After successive wars and reverses, however, Rhodes seemed to rise from the ruins of the old maritime Greek Powers and to attain the supremacy of the seas. It was as the allies of Demetrius against every one but Ptolemy Soter, from whom they had received great advantages by the commerce with Egypt, that their power culminated. At this period the colossal figure of the sun was made—the work of twelve years—and after standing for fifty-six years was destroyed by a like calamity to that which devastated the Rhodes of to-day, more than 2000 years afterwards. Such was the commercial importance of Rhodes in that age, however, that in her distress the greatest Princes of the day vied with each other in the magnificence of their presents to repair her losses. Hiero of Sicily, Ptolemy Evergetes, Antigonus Doson of Macedonia, Seleucus III., and the inferior powers of Asia Minor came forward with ready zeal to serve a city whose fleets protected them against pirates, and extended mercantile communication. After joining the Romans and assisting them by means of its powerful navy, the importance of Rhodes began to decline, since its people were not always on the safe side in the wars of their powerful allies, and became at last tributary to the Empire, until they were restored to freedom by Antoninus. Finally, Vespasian concluded its ancient history by incorporating the island in a Provincia Insularum, of which it was probably the seat of government.

In the caliphate of Othman (A.D. 651) the fragments of the fallen Colossus were collected by the Saracens and sold to a Jewish merchant of Edessa, who, it is said, loaded 900 camels with the weight of metal. At the taking of Constantinople by the Latins, in 1204, Rhodes formed a part of the Greek empire, and in the general partition was seized by some adventurer, but was soon after restored by John Ducas. After another hundred years (in 1310) it was the lair of Greek and Mussulman corsairs until Fulke de Villaret, Grand Master of the Knights of Saint John took possession of it for his order, who resisted the power of the Turks for about two hundred years by means of skilful and elaborate fortifications. The last great siege of Rhodes was in 1522, by the Turks, under Solymán II.; but the Princes of Christendom refused to defend so distant a territory; and, after being nearly buried in the ruins of their fortifications, the Grand Master, Villiers de Lisle Adam, and his followers capitulated, and, evacuating the island on honourable terms, removed the home of their Order to Malta.

So much for the ancient history of the island. The modern Rhodes still contains many remnants of the knightly fortifications; and the ancient palace of the Grand Master is now the residence of the Pacha, while the superb Church of St. John is converted into a mosque. The city still slopes down to the sea, still presents the appearance of an amphitheatre; but the harbour is in a great measure blocked up, and is only accessible to small vessels. The town, however, is strongly fortified with a double fosse and a triple circle of walls. The whole island is forty-five miles long, and about ten miles broad, and is intersected by a chain of mountains, of which the highest is Arteriera or Allaybo (4068 ft.), from which numerous streams descend to water the country.

The climate is one of the most delicious in the world, and the soil remarkably fertile, producing all sorts of grain and fruits. From the abundance of wood in the island shipbuilding is carried on to a considerable extent. The population is about 30,000.

The terrible convulsion of Nature which recently laid waste so large a portion of the island was almost as violent as that which forms a part of the early history of the place. On the 22nd of April, at about half-past ten at night, the first trembling was felt, and was soon followed by others more violent, which occasioned the destruction of 2000 edifices and the death of more than 300 persons.

The news was conveyed to Smyrna by a special steamer sent by the governor of the island asking for tents and other necessities for the more fortunate victims who had escaped death. Amongst the public buildings and monuments destroyed are the new prison, the Roman Catholic church, the Greek cathedral, the Arab tower, and the other famous tower, at the feet of which break the waves of the Archipelago. This tower was one of the first objects seen on approaching Rhodes, with its four turrets, and three escutcheons bearing the name of its founder, Philibert Naillac. The same fate has overtaken a minaret which occupied the place of the ancient spire of St. John, and which rose like a tall signal as seen from the sea. Only the fortifications which withstood so many of the shocks of artillery have survived this terrible convulsion. In the interior of the island thirteen villages have been destroyed—Trianda, Bastida, Maritza, Damatria, Salakas, Dimilia, Lardos, Catavia, Laerma, Pilonia, Lachania, Ietridos, and Masoari. This last village has not a wall standing, and of its population of two hundred souls only thirty-five remain. All the other villages have suffered more or less from this earthquake, the shock of which was felt at Marmora. The first shock, which lasted some fifteen seconds, more or less, sufficed to reduce a great part of the city to a mass of ruins. The streets, upheaved and filled with stones, presented a fearful spectacle, and the houses which remained standing were rent and damaged. The interior of the city, where the ramparts are, and the quarter inhabited by the Greeks, are entirely destroyed. More than forty persons have been buried in the ruins; out of one family of six persons an infant only survives. The European quarter has also suffered very greatly, but no one is reported as having been killed.

THE VINEYARDS IN FRANCE.—Accounts from Lyons state that the appearance of the vineyards in that country is magnificent. The vines blossomed fifteen days sooner than usual, and the grapes are now the size of a small pea. It is expected that if the weather continue fine there will be ripe grapes before the end of July. The vintage in that case will be general by the 1st of September. The precocity of the wine crop is generally a symptom of its good quality. It is consequently anticipated that the wines of the present year will be remarkable for their body and their fine colour. From Languedoc we also hear that the vineyards throughout that province seldom presented a more luxuriant appearance than at present. The vines have not been affected either by frost or dry weather. Every variety of vine is crowded with bunches of grapes well filled, indicating an abundant crop.

PROSPERITY OF NAPLES.—There was a time when it was a labour to find anything agreeable to communicate to relieve the invariably sombre report from Naples. The labour is now of a totally opposite character, for everywhere there is progress, and with it increasing confidence and tranquillity. Even the rumblers are at a loss to find any substantial cause for complaint; and, willingly or unwillingly, the Neapolitans are compelled to confess a change for the better. The very outward aspect of the people is such as speaks of greater freedom and enjoyment. Perhaps there is not a more joyous scene in Europe than that which the Villa Reale presents every evening, brilliantly lighted as it is, and resounding with excellent music, and crowded with cheerful multitude of all classes. Two bands relieve each other at intervals, and those who two or three years ago moved about in units, afraid of their very shadows, now assemble in thousands to be feted. If we go up to the Palazzo Reale we shall find that large and handsome square sparkling with light—for handsome gas-lamps have been erected all round it—and full of the people of that quarter, fanning themselves and inhaling the land breeze which comes down from Vesuvius. Not far distant, at the Marine Barracks, at certain times during the day, one of the best bands in Naples plays; and so, with liberty of speech and of meeting, and with music and gossip, to all outward appearances, the Neapolitans manage to get through life very easily and pleasantly. All this it must be confessed, presents a very striking contrast to the past. There is something more substantial, however, than this, and it is that the labour market is now so raised in price that many workmen thirteen carlini, whereas the ordinary rate of wages formerly was from three to four, or at most five carlini a day. It is true that the conscription has carried off many of our labourers; but the real cause of the improved rate of wages must be found in the growing prosperity of the place, and in the great demand there is for men for public works.—*Times' Correspondent.*

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

At the opera houses there has been scarcely any novelty during the past fortnight. At Her Majesty's Theatre "Faust" has still been drawing crowded houses, and has now been given twelve times. The subscribers, however, must have some novelty; and so the run of this popular opera has at length been interrupted for their benefit on the Tuesday and Saturday evenings, "Faust" being still reserved for all the extra nights. *En attendant* the production of the same work at Covent Garden, for which all the energies of all employed in that magnificent establishment have been called into requisition, the ordinary stock operas have kept possession of the bills. Mr. Gye has of late betrayed how very much he relies upon the attractiveness of Mdle. Adelina Patti. On Tuesday week, for instance, "Le Prophète," the opera announced, could not be given on account of the illness of Mdme. Didice; and, Mdle. Pricci being also indisposed, there was no alternative but to repeat "Il Barbiere," which had been played on the very evening before. Again, the most favourite singer of the day was forced to undertake the character of Marta, both the ladies who have this season attempted the part having already left the country. Mdle. Patti is, all things considered, by far the most able representative of Lady Enrichetta, the English noblewoman who disguises herself as a farm-servant to attend a country fair, whom we have ever seen. The only singer who can be compared to her is Mdme. Bosio, and the utter want of all dramatic ability in that lamented vocalist prevented her from doing full justice to a character which stands as much in need of an actress as of a singer. Nothing could be more natural and piquant, or more free of all stage artifice, than Mdle. Patti's delineation of the absurd heroine of the absurdest of all opera books. All inconsistencies in this impossible character are overlooked in the highly-finished impersonation of the most gifted of prime donne.

But, although no great operatic event has of late arrested the attention of amateurs, there has been plenty of musical entertainment in the shape of concerts. First in the list of all the innumerable annual benefit concerts that are crowded into the short London season is that of Mr. Benedict, and this took place on Monday week, in the presence of one of the most brilliant audiences that we have ever witnessed within the walls of a public room. The entertainment lasted nearly five hours, but it was so wonderfully well supported that the attention of the audience showed no signs of flagging until the very conclusion of that long afternoon. Mr. Benedict's own compositions, several of which were entire novelties, of course chiefly engaged the listeners' attention. These included two scenes; the first entitled "What shall I Sing?" and comprising three movements, in the Swiss, Italian, and French styles respectively, given by Mdle. Parepa with her usual vigour; the second beginning, "Anche in braccio," probably from some MS. opera which has never yet seen the light, charmingly rendered by Mdme. Lemmens-Sherrington, both displaying all the graceful fancy that chiefly distinguishes the indefatigable composer. Mr. Benedict also played an andante of his own composition, and joined Mdme. Arabella Goddard in a duet arrangement of his fantasia on Welsh popular airs. These two celebrated players received the further assistance of Mr. Lindsay Sloper and Mr. G. Osborne in a quartet for four performers on two pianos, arranged by Mr. Sloper on themes from Rossini's Soirées Musicales. It is a very cleverly and effectively-arranged piece, and will be most acceptable at some of those monster entertainments where four first-rate pianists happen to be engaged. The most interesting items in this long programme consisted of three unpublished compositions of Weber, of whom, it will be remembered, Mr. Benedict was the most gifted pupil. The most important of the three, a choral war-song for male voices in unison, is a most poetical, vigorous, and appropriate musical setting of a noble "Kriegslied," written by the German poet Collin for the purpose of being sung by the bands of volunteers which the French invasion, under the first Napoleon, called into being. It was tolerably well rendered by the Vocal Association, and if it had been given earlier in the afternoon would doubtless have produced a deep impression. Quite as much distinguished for grace as is the war song for vigour, are the duet, "Blooming flowers," from the lost opera, "Die drei Pinto's," and the arietta, "Bau auf meine Treue nur," the two other compositions of Weber with which Mr. Benedict's concert has enriched our vocal repertory.

The National Choral Society gave an admirable performance last week of Rossini's "Stabat," and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang." The chorale, "Let all men praise the Lord," which is at first given out by the chorus unaccompanied, was so firmly and steadily sung that the audience insisted upon its repetition, while the highly dramatic recitative "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" was declaimed with extraordinary varied and passionate expression by Mr. Sims Reeves. He was encored in the popular "Cujus animam," but declined to accede to the request; and Mdme. Alboni's glorious voice invested the cavatina "Fac ut portem" with unwonted beauty. The duet "Quis est homo" was also encored; and the performance throughout was greatly to the credit of Mr. Martin.

A conversation of the Musical Society was held on the same evening, at which many objects of interest were exhibited, that which attracted the most attention being a portrait of Mr. Sims Reeves by Signor Ossani, an artist who in the mechanical portion of his task has succeeded to admiration.

The last of the eight concerts given during the season by the Philharmonic Society took place on Monday. The programme included no novelty, but every piece being well executed, the concert was thoroughly enjoyable. The symphonies were the Eroica and Mozart's No. 1, in C. Mdle. Artôt and Signor Delle-Sedie were the solo vocalists; Signor Piatti, the prince of violoncellists, the solo instrumentalist; and the overtures to the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Guillaume Tell" brought the two parts into which the long programme was divided to a splendid conclusion. On the same evening Mr. Sims Reeves took his benefit at the Monday Popular Concerts. The gifted tenor has never, perhaps, displayed more favourably the consummate refinement and passion of his singing than in all the three pieces he selected on this occasion. These were the pathetic air from "Jephthah," "Wait for angels," "Adelaide," which the Monday Popular audience never tire to hear, and Blumenthal's "Message," an ambitiously weak song, which Mr. Reeves seems determined to sing into unmerited popularity. The audience had reason to be doubly grateful when the bénéficiaire sang Kücken's "Twilight is darkening" for the encore. Mr. Reeves enjoyed the valuable aid of Mdme. Alboni, the greatest—in a musical as well as a physical sense—of living vocalists, and of Mr. Santley, an English singer who is not unworthy of such companionship. The most brilliant achievement in this exceptionally good concert was Mdme. Arabella Goddard's wonderful performance of Beethoven's op. 111, the last sonata that fell from the composer's pen. The work is far too abstruse to be fully appreciated by a miscellaneous audience; but the irreproachable taste that marked Mdme. Goddard's performance, no less than her complete mastery over all the mechanical difficulties of the composition, was fully appreciated by all connoisseurs present.

Of all the benefit concerts that have taken place lately we cannot hope to take notice. Some two or three, however, deserve a word of record. Mr. Harold Thomas, for instance, introduced at his concert a prelude, written specially for the occasion by Professor Sterndale Bennett; Mr. Cousins's programme was made noteworthy by the performance of his own Royal marriage cantata. The admirable concert given by M. and Mdme. Sainton-Dolby included a charming violin concerto by Auber, and brought into merited prominence some MS. *pensées symphoniques*, which evinced considerable poetic invention, by M. Lüders. Wednesday last introduced to the English public a French violoncellist, M. Lebourg, who is distinguished for clever execution rather than for full tone; and on the same day Herr Reichardt gave a concert, which was remarkable for the enviable self-confidence displayed by the bénéficiaire. He sang no less than twelve times without the excuse of even a solitary encore.

JANOWSKI AND HEBDA, the two cashiers who carried off the 26,000,000 f. from the Warsaw bank by order of the national Government, are at the present moment in Sweden.

LAW AND CRIME.

LIEUTENANT MORRISON, known as the editor of a fortune-telling publication entitled *Zadkiel's Almanack*, brought an action against Admiral Sir Edward Belcher for a libel contained in a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*. Among innumerable false, foolish, and unintelligible predictions, the writer of the predictions in the Almanack once happened to foretell an unfortunate event. An indiscreet Alderman, overcome by the singularity of such an occurrence, blurted forth from the Bench, *apropos* of nothing, a puff of *Zadkiel's Almanack*. The press was unparagon of its comments upon the matter, and the *Telegraph* published an article in which it was asked—"Who is this Zadkiel, and are there no means of ferreting him out and hauling him up to Bow-street as a rogue and vagabond?" In reference to this query the defendant addressed to the *Telegraph* a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

I will add you in the scent by first informing you that he stands as a Lieutenant in the "Navy List," seniority 1815. Next, that he has his admirals about Greenwich Hospital, who fancy him a prophet A I; and that his mischievous propensity is not solely involved in that foolish publication *Zadkiel's Almanack*. More: I think he gave his name not long since as the president of some peculiar society connected with astrology—R. J. Morrison. A friend reminds me that the author of *Zadkiel* is the celebrated "crystal globe seer" who gulled many of our nobility about 1852, making use of a boy under fourteen years of age, or a girl under twelve. He pretended, by looking into the crystal globe, to hold converse with the spirits of the Apostles, and even our Saviour, with all the angels of light as well as of darkness, and to tell what was going on in any part of the world. Drawings were made of the objects seen in those visions. One noble lady gave one of those boys £5 to give her intelligence of her boy, who was in the Mediterranean; the boy peached and let the cat out of the bag. Of course the information was false. He took money, if he really be the same, for these profane acts, and made a good thing of it. If it was deemed sufficiently important, there can be no doubt that he can be satisfactorily trotted out. As to his position as a naval officer, excepting the Coastguard, he has not served afloat since 1815.—ANTI-HUMBUG.

The main interest of the cause was centered in this "crystal globe," a ball of rock crystal about five inches in diameter, which was produced in court. It was formerly in the possession of Lady Blessington, at whose residence, at Gore House, it was exhibited to visitors as having belonged to Dr. Dee, a conjuror of the time of James I. Mr. Harrison Ainsworth was a frequent visitor at Gore House, and hence the introduction of some wild romancing relative to the crystal into his fiction of "Guy Fawkes." [We mention this, by-the-way, as a matter of some possible interest extrinsic to the libel case.] The plaintiff's case amounted to this:—Certain persons had seen, or pretended or believed to see, marvellous visions in the interior of the crystal. We extract a portion of Lieutenant Morrison's evidence hereon. A lad named Usher had made drawings of certain figures which he alleged to have seen in the ball. One represented a person called Orion, whom classical readers may recollect as the offspring of Jupiter and Mercury, born under peculiar influences:—

Orion has always been professed to appear in armour. There was a spirit who called herself Eve when asked her name. The spirits appeared with scrolls coming out of their mouths.

Serjeant Ballantine—Just so; as if they had been taken suddenly ill?

Witness—There never was anything indecent. The spirits were always respectably dressed. The lady in the drawing you now direct my attention to is Queen Mab, as she appeared in her car drawn by gnats. The other is St. Luke, as he appeared upon three occasions. I do not put them forward as jokes. I don't believe Usher's statement now because he has said some of the things disclosed were false. I believe he saw Eve.

Mr. Serjeant Ballantine—Pray, Sir, what language did Mrs. Eve speak?

Witness—The language used by this lady was English.

Serjeant Ballantine—And pray what language did Orion use?

Witness—English.

Serjeant Ballantine—And Titania, Sir?

Witness—English. Other languages, however, appeared, as Turkish, French, Hebrew, Latin. Some of the Apostles appeared—two or three of them. I have heard that a vision of the Lord's Supper appeared in the ball; also some of the miracles of our Saviour—the feeding of the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, and our Saviour walking upon the water; and two or three of the Apostles. I vouch in the almanack that they are seen, and I believe that these things are seen.

By Serjeant Ballantine—Pray, Sir, who was the seer who had the conversation with Judas Iscariot?

Witness—I think it was my son.

Serjeant Ballantine—And I presume that the answer you have published was the one you received?

Witness—Yes.

Serjeant Ballantine—Then Judas Iscariot preferred getting back to a certain place rather than remaining in your globe. I hope that you had a cool place for him when here.

Several aristocratic ladies and gentlemen were called as witnesses. They had seen the ball, but had seen nothing in it. One middle-aged female, a Mrs. Allais, deposed:—

I looked at the ball on one occasion. I saw the reflection of my mother with a child in her arms in it. The ball became cloudy, but on clearing both the figures disappeared. On another occasion I saw a man in armour, and altogether a scene of the most singular and mysterious nature. I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Cross-examined: There could be no mistake about what I saw. I refuse to look on the crystal in court, because I consider it too solemn a thing to be laughed at. (Laughter.)

The main point in the evidence was that plaintiff never received money for the exhibition of the crystal. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, in his summing up, thus directed the jury:—

If the plaintiff did really believe the boys, however foolish he might be in so believing, he was not an impostor. There is no evidence that it was exhibited for money; for a number of persons have been called, and they all say that no money was received. If the almanack is mischievous, and likely to work upon the fears of the public, or the weak members of it, a public discussion would be warranted; but it is a different matter to go into a man's private life—his antecedents—and expose him to the public because he is merely the author of a work. Even if, when you criticise a publication, and endeavour to show that it is an imposition, you may be justified in referring to other matters which the author has done, and which you allege to be an imposition; still, you cannot say anything against the man in this respect which is not true; you must deal fully with the facts, and not invent. The almanack is couched in that mysterious and absurd jargon on which such delusions are usually framed.

Hereupon the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff, with 20s. damages. His Lordship declined to certify for costs, consequently each party will have to pay his own. It is scarcely to be imagined that *Zadkiel* foresaw this result of his action.

The action by Colonel Dickson against General Peel and Lords Combermere and Wilton terminated, as might have been expected, in a verdict for the

defendants. General Peel, as we last week reported, was discharged from the action before the conclusion of the trial. As far as regarded poor old Lord Combermere, the charge of "conspiracy" was, on the face of it, an absurdity. Lord Wilton, therefore, only remained; and as one man cannot constitute a conspiracy, he, of course, gained his share of the verdict, which few will be disposed to criticise.

In "Tinsley v. Lacey," a suit before Vice-Chancellor Wood, the plaintiff, as publisher of "Lady Audley's Secret," obtained an injunction restraining the defendant from publishing portions of that work and others in a dramatic form. The judgment thus obtained is one of great literary importance. It has heretofore been considered that a successful story was liable to the piracies of the scissors-and-paste dramatist, whose pretended rights are now judicially declared to be a delusion.

Mrs. Raymond, the wife of an Ensign in the Cape Mounted Rifles, was charged before Alderman Carden with having taken spirits into Whitecross-street Prison. The Alderman was evidently inclined to treat the matter leniently enough, as the prisoner had committed the offence for the purpose of solacing her husband, a prisoner for debt. He offered every opportunity for apology and extenuation, but Mrs. Raymond steadfastly avoided taking advantage of one of them. She said she had been told it was improper to take spirits into prison, but "did not know it was very wrong." At last Alderman Carden, fairly losing temper, called her an impudent woman, and stigmatised her conduct as bravado. He sentenced her, however, mildly enough, to a fine of 20s., or seven days' imprisonment. A few hours afterwards her husband paid the fine, but brave Mrs. Raymond was found drunk in the cell. She had concealed a second bottle of whisky, which had escaped the searchers.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The supplies of English wheat on offer this week have been very moderate, but in considerable demand. All kinds have moved off well, and in some instances, the quotations have given way a little. Fine foreign wheats have supported previous rates, but inferior qualities have had a drooping tendency. Floating cargoes of grain have met a dull inquiry. The barley trade has continued in an inactive state, and late arrivals have been sold at a discount in the value of malt. Fine oats have commanded late rates. Hested samples have sold heavily. Both beams and peas have moved off heavily, and the flour trade has been in a sluggish state. Prices, however, have been supported.

WHEAT.—English—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; ditto, white, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; gliding barley, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d.; distilling ditto, 2s. 6d. to 2s. 8d.; malt, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; rye, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; malt, 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.; feed oats, 17s. 6d. to 18s. 6d.; potato, 22s. 6d. to 23s. 6d.; tick beans, 30s. to 32s.; grey peas, 34s. to 36s.; white ditto, 36s. to 38s. per quarter. Town-made flour, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.; country made, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d. per bushel. The export trade is inactive, as follows:—Beef, from 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.; mutton, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; lamb, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d.; and pork, 3s. 6d. to 4s. 6d. per 8 lb. by the carcase.

TEA.—Most kinds move off slowly; but, compared with last week, very little change has taken place in the quotations. FINEST.—Fine teas have been mostly sold on former terms; but all other kinds are a dull inquiry. The stock consists of 97,187 tons, against 75,820 tons last year.

COFFEE.—The market is inactive, at about stationary prices. St. 8s. 50s. tons against 7540 tons.

RUBBER.—The market is on a very moderate scale, at about previous quotations.

PROVISIONS.—Most kinds of butter—the supply of which is good—move off slowly, at late rates. Bacon is less active, but not cheaper. Other provisions support previous quotations.

TALLOW.—The market is steady. F.Y.O. spot, 42s. 3d. per cwt. The stock is 12,112 casks, against 14,561 to last year. Rough fat has declined to 2s. 14d. per 8 lb.

OILS.—Lined oil sells at 4s. per cwt. on the spot. Rape is somewhat drooping, and other oils are a dull inquiry. American turpentine, 100s. per cwt.

SPICES.—Yield is doing in rum, at 1s. 5d. per gallon for proof Lowlands, and 1s. 4d. for East India. Brandy is offering at from 3s. to 11s. 4d.; Ham-bro' spirit, 1s. 4d.; English ditto, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 10d.; ditto, rice, 1s. 4d. to 1s. 5d.; and English gin, for export, proof, 2s. 9d. to 3s. per gallon.

HAY AND STRAW.—Old meadow hay, 4s. 10s. to 4s. 12s.; new ditto, 4s. 10s. to 4s. 12s.; and straw, 1s. 5d. to 1s. 6d. per ton.

CATTLE.—Best house cow, 16s. 3d. to 17s.; second, 14s. to 15s.; third, 13s. 3d. to 14s. 3d.; and manufacturers', 13s. to 14s. per ton.

WOOL.—The bales are progressing steadily, and the trade is heavy, at late rates.

POTATOES.—Old potatoes are now over. New potatoes are selling at from 6s. to 10s. per cwt.

THE LONDON GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 26.

BANKRUPT.—L. GILLESPIE, Newmarket-street, Oxford-street, teacher of fencing.—J. PETTET, Upper Gifford-street, Shoreditch, gasfitter.—H. H. DAVIS, Ealing, civil engineer and builder.—C. W. SANDREPS, Rufford-buildings, High-street, Kingston, trimming and upholsterer.—J. B. CANN, Kent, general shopkeeper.—E. C. BRADBURY, Donham Market, Norfolk, clerk in holy orders.—H. HILL, Circus-road, Gosport, A.C. fields, Kentish-town, builder.—E. KATON, Wellington-place, Wandsworth-road, Vauxhall, butcher.—M. JENNINGS, St. Paul's-road, Camden-town, lodging-house keeper.—J. FRANCIS, Bedford-buildings, Camden-street, keeper.—J. JACKSON, Farnborough, Kent, general shopkeeper.—T. LOWDEN, G. Idol-street, City, fancy warehouseman.—R. WELCH, Fordingbridge, Hants, boot and shoe maker.—M. ANN STOKES, Little St. Paul's, Camden-town, lodging-house keeper.—J. H. BARNETT, Farnborough, Kent, general shopkeeper.—J. C. BRADBURY, Donham Market, Norfolk, clerk in holy orders.—H. 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THE MAS FIVE, 2, Chatterbox-street, Strand, a/crowd—SATURDAY
JULY 4, 1908.